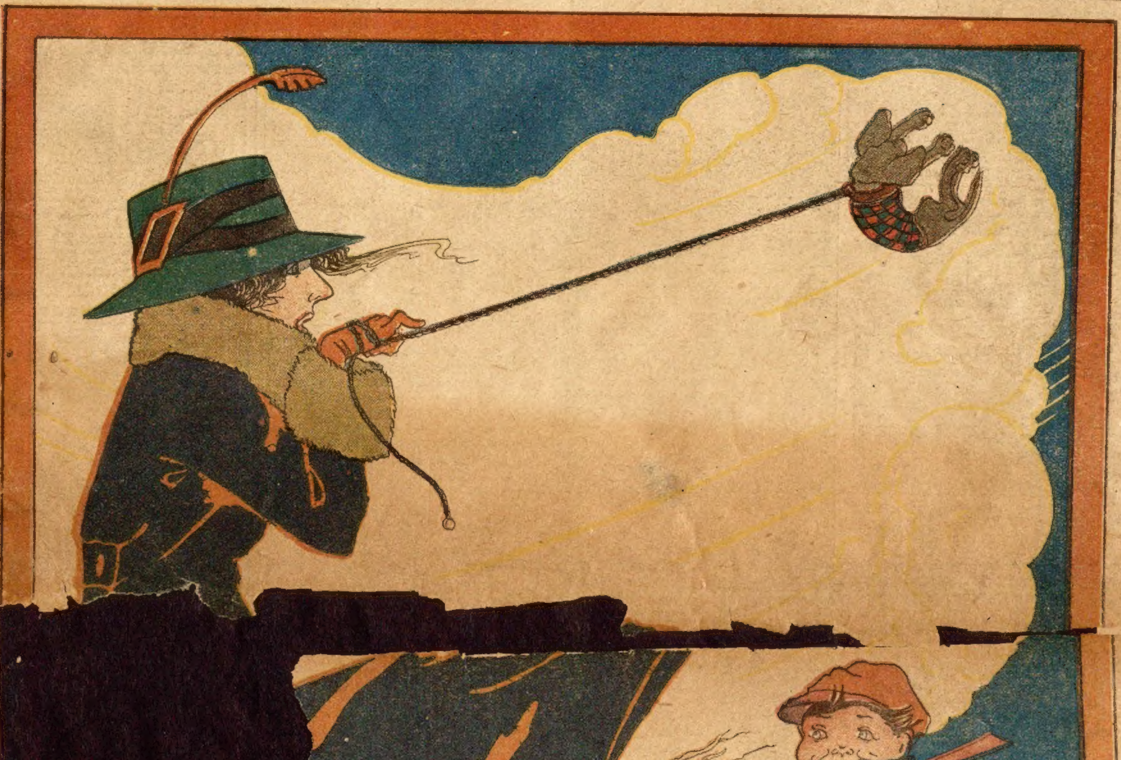
"BREAKING THE IRON RING," A BIG, GRIPPING STORY, BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

Elmer J Frost 28Sep18
Rural Route 3

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI., NO. 9. CHICAGO ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.



MARCH WINDS

Let Us Talk It Over Here

LAST week you were invited by the editor to write to him and tell him just what you like, or do not like, about the Ledger and to feel free to ask for the kind of stories or departments you would like to see in it. Of course there hasn't been time yet for very many of you to answer. In the meanwhile suppose that we have a little heart-to-heart talk about the Ledger.

IN THE course of a year a great many people write to every editor in the world and on all kinds of subjects. Some of them have kind words to say, a few, very few, seem to think they ought to throw rocks at him for something that has been published. Every editor is glad to get letters. He knows that it is the readers who make a paper successful or a failure and he welcomes an expression of opinion from them. That is why we are not only asking but urging you to give your opinion of the Ledger. It will be impossible, of course, to answer every letter personally, but we want you to feel that they are gratefully received and that all of you are thanked in advance.

THE war has done a great many things to every line of business. People are thinking different thoughts, their minds are occupied with new problems and it is but natural that their trend of reading should change. It is our business to meet changing conditions, to give the readers what they want, even if their tastes change every few months. We congratulate ourselves that we have succeeded in pleasing a great majority of our readers in the past. Some of you have been reading the Ledger for a great many years [illegible] must have pleased you or y[illegible] n't be with us now.

ONE of our readers sent us in a suggestion the other day which we believe is a good one. Speaking for himself and for others in his home town, he declared that since the United States got into the war they want, [illegible] they have had [illegible] in the war line, storie[illegible] happenings which made the [illegible] any fiction writer seem puny by comparison. Of course we have those kind of stories, but we have not been sure that you wanted them in preference to fiction pure and simple. Do you remember a little story called "Private Ball's Top Hat" which appeared some weeks ago? As it happened, that was an actual happening, told by a British officer who later died bravely in action. We said so at the time, yet a reader wrote in to say that it was the silliest thing he had ever seen in the Ledger, that he didn't believe it ever had happened and that he thought the story had been written by one of the men whose stories we have published at different times. Then he went on to criticise us for publishing other stories by the same author, to whom he seems to have taken a violent dislike.

YET—here is a joke on this reader. The story which he picked out in that particular number as the best and which he praised to the skies happened to have been written by this same author he had just roasted to the skies. We had run it without the author's name. What is a poor editor to do in a case like that?

DIDN'T you enjoy that little story, "Somewhere in Belgium," by Augustin W. Breeden? Wasn't it snappy and full of heart interest and thrills? Breeden has written for us in days gone by, then along came the war and he went to France to do his bit. But he has found time somehow to write several stories of incidents over there which are every bit as good as "Somewhere in Belgium." You will want to watch for them, for Breeden assures us they are founded on facts he has learned "over there."

THERE have fallen into our hands several simple little accounts of men who have stared death in the face over in France and who have lived to tell the tale. We are going to publish at least half a dozen of them soon under the title, "The Men Who Have Come Back." They will give you an idea of what men go thru in a war nowadays and will furnish examples of what our own boys will meet before the Hun is overwhelmed.

NOW a few words about the Ledger next week. One story in particular we believe will interest you, whether you believe in the supernatural or not. It is called "Tried Out of Court" and it tells the story of what befell two crooked lawyers who had "jobbed" a client out of what was rightfully his. It is a gripping, mysterious sort of thing and it holds your interest until you have found out just what did happen. Another short story and one that will give you a good laugh is "His Shattered Saintliness." Suppose that you had discovered evidence that your minister was writing stories for a naughty magazine, stories about ballet girls or harem girls or some other girls that a perfectly respectable minister isn't supposed to know anything about. Well, that was the kind of a fix this good minister was in. [illegible] word about a two-pa[illegible] story, the first half of which [illegible] be published next week. It is ent[illegible] "The Ruby Eyes of Death." It deals [illegible] a collector of rare old gems, a man [illegible] did not stop at desecrating the tomb[illegible] the dead to get what he wanted, [illegible] ruthlessly brushed aside all obstacle[illegible] in his way. But he reckoned without the mysterious power of the adepts of Thebes. His life was endangered as a result and he was willing to do anything in the world to save it except to give up part of his collection. The story is fascinating from start to finish and when you have read the first half we know you will want to finish it.

the climax is humorous. You

THESE are only some of the things in store for you. We wish we could tell you about all of them and about what is on tap for other numbers, but we can't take up all the space in the paper doing it. Last week, too, we suggested to you that if you wished to be certain of getting all your numbers of the Ledger the safe way is to send in $1.50 for a year's subscription. In case you overlooked it a week ago we remind you of it now.

Save Money and Plant Your Garden, Too

LAST week we offered two suggestions to Ledger readers. One was that they could effect a saving of money by subscribing for the Ledger by the year and the other was that they could do their bit for Uncle Sam by raising a War Garden this year. Now here is a chance to do both—get the Ledger for a year and plant your garden—all for the price of the Ledger, $1.50. Fourteen packets of seed and fifty-two issues of the Ledger for the same money. Or, if you prefer, you can get the same quantity of flower seed under the same conditions if you already have made arrangements for your vegetable garden. The same offer holds good for The Saturday Blade, the greatest weekly newspaper in America, also published by the W. D. Boyce Co. Or you can take the Ledger for six months and the Blade for six months and still get the seed. If you want both vegetable and flower seed you can get them and save 75 cents in real money besides by sending $2.25, which will entitle you to both assortments and to the Blade for one year and the Ledger for one year. On another page of this issue of the Ledger is an advertisement headed "Plant a War Garden Free," which will give you the whole thing in detail.

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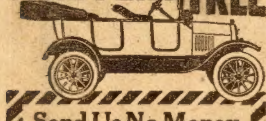

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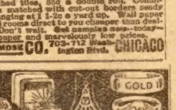
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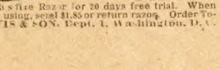

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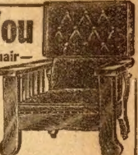

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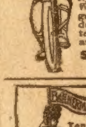

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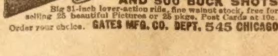

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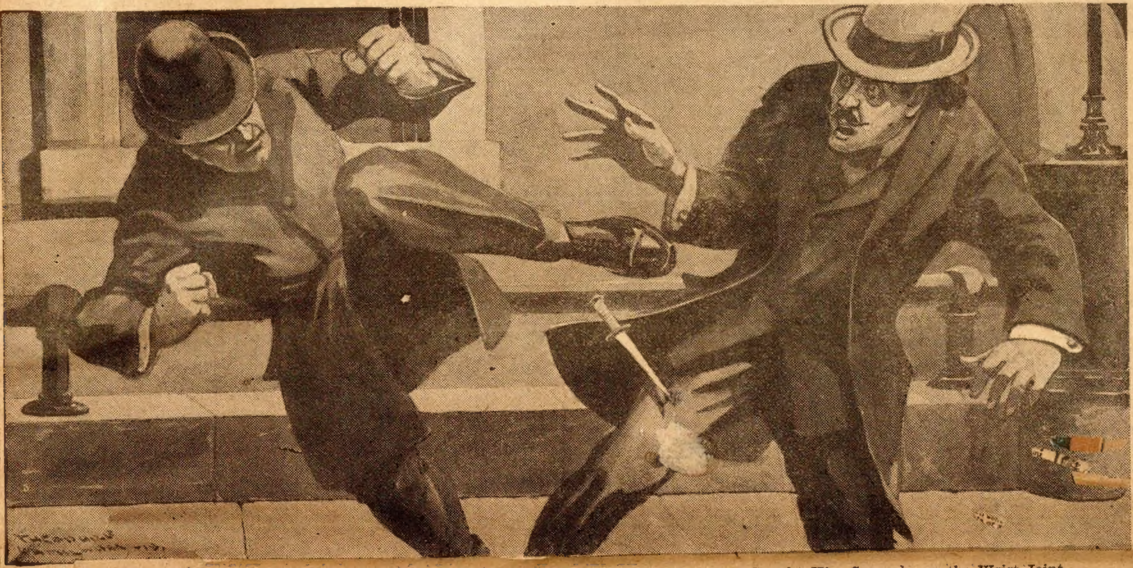
When the Opal's Omen Was Good



As Quantera Stepped Close My Foot Swung Out and the Toe of My Heavy Winter Shoe Caught Him Squarely on the Wrist Joint.

By Lemuel Lawrence De Bra

For centuries the opal was counted a gem of good luck. Then superstition gave it its present bad name. In this story this lore plays an important part.

[Copyright 1918 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

IT WAS near the entrance to the Hill street tunnel, in Los Angeles, that I met him—this Mexican who gave me the one adventure of my otherwise uneventful life. A meeting of the Western Jewelers' Association, to which I was a delegate from San Francisco, had kept me out later than usual, and I was hurrying to my brother's home, where I was spending the week. I was not aware that I had passed any one; nor did I hear any one come up behind me.

Perhaps this was because I was thinking over the paper I had read at the meeting, and which had aroused so much comment. My subject was "The Curious Lore of Precious Stones." I had spoken with assurance, for, altho young, I felt that I knew my subject. Research and study, and twelve years with the foremost jewel house in the West, prepared me, I thought, to speak authoritatively. And I had made the point that many people were denying themselves the pleasure of possessing opals because of the foolish superstition that those gems were unlucky. I showed that this superstition was foolish by reciting the history of the opal, in which I brought out the fact that for centuries the opal was counted a good luck gem, and that it was only in the last century or so, and without any cause whatever, that people began to talk of the opal as being an omen of misfortune.

Perhaps I was a bit too enthusiastic; but there was a reason which my fellow lapidarists could not guess. Because her natal day was in October, I had presented to Edna, on the occasion of her twentieth birthday, a splendid Hungarian opal set in a ring of old gold. She had thanked me sweetly, and had praised the opal unstintingly; but I had caught in her dark eyes a look akin to dismay. Later, on a certain memorable evening, I learned what that look meant, and I experienced my first fear that, perhaps, after all, opals were trouble bearers. For Edna refused me, gently, but firmly; and gave as her only reason that since I had given her an opal, that "gem of ill omen," she feared to link her future with mine. Nor could any argument or plea of mine cause her to swerve from that stand.

I must have been pondering this disturbing matter, for, as I have said, I was not aware that any one was near me, when I felt every drop of blood in my veins brought to a sudden stop by a wiry hand that took sharp hold of my right arm. I whirled on the instant and looked into the swarthy face and black eyes of a Mexican.

"Pardon, senor," he said, with a flashing smile, that at once disarmed my fear. "Do me the honor to let me speak with you one moment."

He spoke perfect English, albeit there was a delicious Castilian accent to it. And I saw now that his clothes, altho inexpensive, were in good taste. "Well, what is it?" I said, not uncivilly.

The Mexican released his hold on my arm and looked furtively up and down the deserted street. "I am no beggar," he began, in a low voice; "I am a poor man in distress. Because of that, I must make a great sacrifice. How much, senor, would you pay for this?" And he held out his lean, dark hand, palm closed.

Slowly he opened his hand, and turned so that the rays from the street light shone full on the object he held. And when I saw that object, I could not restrain a gasp of amazed surprise.

It was an opal. It was a flaming fire opal of rare beauty. Expert tho I was in gems, I gazed at this dazzling stone in fascination. It caught the light and broke it into a gleaming scintillation of soft, beautiful colors. In it was the marvelous blue of a mountain lake, the emerald green of a wintry sea, and other colors that defied description; and all strangely blended with the unforgettable gold and crimson of an October sunset.

Only once before had I seen such a gem, and that was in a private collection in New York. A suspicion darted thru my mind, and I looked sharply at the Mexican's face.

"I am but lately from Queretaro, senor," he said, as tho reading my thoughts and eager to explain. "I am of the family of Quantera, lapidarists for many generations. This stone has been in our family for a long time. It came from a mine that was one of the first opal deposits worked in the Queretaro district. To us it is priceless; but——" He sighed, and restored the gem to his pocket.

I had known at first sight that this opal was of the variety known as fire opals, found in Queretaro. Moreover, I had heard of the Quanteras. But this served only to increase my curiosity. "And why are you here with it?" I asked. "Why do you now try to sell it to me?"

For a moment he was silent; then he burst forth fiercely. "Why do I have to sell our opal, you ask? I will tell you. Because my country is torn with revolution, and the house of the Quanteras has been ruined. My father was shot, my mother died of grief, and all our possessions were burned or stolen. And now, I, a Quantera, must either beg, or sell this family heirloom."

Some note in his words touched my sympathies. I was about to speak in that vein, when my years of caution asserted themselves.

"If you wish to sell your opal, why do you not go to the jewel houses? Why do you stand here on the street at night and try to dispose of it to a passing stranger?"

"Because I do not want to haggle with them over prices," he flared back: "And because I fear they might not believe my story and would have me arrested. I—I could not bear the disgrace of being under suspicion."

I knew the pride of these old Mexican families; and Quantera's story sounded plausible. I reached for the opal. "How much do you want for it?" I asked.

"Alas, senor, what shall I say? I have not the heart to put a price upon it."

I took the opal in my hand and held it up to the light. It appeared to be without a blemish. It was a perfect mate to that one I had seen in that wonderful collection in New York. I put its commercial value at $5,000. No doubt the New York collector would pay much for it.

"I cannot afford to buy it," I said; "but if you will tell me how much money you need just now I may be able to advance you that sum. Later on, when you are on your feet financially, you can come to me and redeem the opal."

For a moment Quantera looked at me in silence. "You are very kind, senor," he said at length. "Could you advance me—say, $2,000 for a year? If I do not redeem the opal within that time the gem shall be yours. It is a bargain, eh?"

Now, I knew that this was more than a money-lender would advance on this opal; but I also knew that I could quickly sell it for double that sum. Besides, I felt sorry for Quantera, with his misfortunes and broken pride. So I told him I would lend him the $2,000 and keep the opal as security. There was some talk, I remember, about interest; then I handed him a card bearing my brother's address. "I haven't a check with me now," I said. "Come there at ten tomorrow morning and we'll close the matter. And please be prompt," I concluded, returning the opal to Quantera.

And he was there promptly. Without explaining to any one, I had managed to draw on my San Francisco bank for the $2,000 and had the money waiting when the Mexican arrived. Now, in the better light, I again examined the opal. I found it to be all I had thought it the evening before. I handed over the money. The Mexican stowed it away in his pockets.

"Senor, my heart's blood goes with this," he said, taking the gem from my hand and holding it to his lips for a moment. "Perhaps, ere long, the house of the Quanteras will be restored. Then will I come again and buy back this precious jewel from you."

He pressed the opal into my palm, turned quickly, and hastened away. Deeply impressed by the man's sorrow, I watched until he disappeared around a distant corner. Then I opened my hand to feast my eyes on the gem; but a sickening sensation seized me. My hands became suddenly icy, and the stone seemed to burn into my palm. Dumfounded, I stared at what the Mexican had left me. It was an opal, sure enough; but not the one he had shown me. It was of about the same size and general appearance, and worth between $7.50 and $10.

* * * * * * *

Never before had I seen such a night. There was something almost terrifying in the dismal howl of the icy wind as it swept down the snow-covered street. I drew my overcoat close around me and buried my face in the fur collar; yet the bitter cold stabbed thru like a driven nail and chilled me clear to the bone.

It was Christmas eve. It was early, yet few were abroad. Only twice in the past half-hour had I seen any one—dark shadows, bent to the driving storm, scurrying thru the pale light from the street lamps.

Christmas eve! And I was alone in New York. The lonely whine of the storm struck an answering chord in my heart. For on my return to San Francisco from Los Angeles, I had found myself in no mental condition to work. The chagrin over being duped by that Mexican, the loss of my hard-earned $2,000, and, above all, the bitter disappointment over being rejected by Edna, were too much. I was about to request a vacation, when the head of the firm asked me if I cared to take a trip to New York to dispose of a certain lot of semi-precious stones they had been carrying for some time. A week later I was in New York.

Not a word had I said to my associates about being swindled. Pride held my tongue. And probably it was bitter resentment that made me carry in a vest pocket that worthless stone Quantera had palmed off on me. Some time, I thought, we would meet again.

There was, too, a bit of defiance in my idea of carrying that opal after all the ill luck opals had brought me. For thru an opal I had lost Edna. Thru another I had been swindled out of my hard-earned savings. And now, in spite of my former faith in the opal as an omen of good fortune, I began to feel uneasy. For I had failed in my mission to New York. On the morrow I was to start back to San Francisco; and, altho the firm had named a very attractive price, I had the humiliating task of reporting that I had been unable to dispose of the stones.

I had been facing the storm as I walked, and I took grim satisfaction in fighting the elements. But now I turned sharply around a corner into a side street that would bring me nearer my hotel. As I did so I almost ran into a man huddled against the brick wall. Startled, I stopped for an instant; then, as I made to go on, the man touched my arm.

"Pardon, senor," the man said; "may I speak with you one moment?"

My heart leaped in my breast! That same voice! That same Castilian accent! I was face to face with that swindler, Quantera!

Often I had thought of what I would do if I ever met him. I had formed a dozen plans; but now I could think of none. To lay hands on him would be foolhardy. He was heavier than I, and was of strong, [illegible] exercise I had [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] again each night. Now, with Q[illegible] before me, I trembled inwardly a[illegible] not know what to say.

"Senor, I am no beggar," the Mexican went on; "I am a poor man in distress. I must make a sacrifice in order that my family may have food. How much would you pay for this?" And, again, he held out that slender, dark hand, palm closed.

Slowly he opened his hand, and I saw therein the very opal on which I had advanced this swindler $2,000. Anger flamed up within me, and with it came a determination to square things with this rascal. I reached for the gem, and got it.

"Why do you want to sell it?" I asked, holding the opal up to the light that fell thru the window in the brick building.

"Alas, senor, that is a sad and long story," whined the faker. "Let it be enough that I tell you that I am of a wealthy family, whose income from mining investments in Mexico has been swept away by prolonged revolution, and we are now penniless and forced to sell this valuable heirloom. This is the last of our jewels. It has been in our family a long time, but——" He paused with a rising inflection.

I was calm, by this time, and thinking rapidly. Quantera was a professional jewel swindler, I reasoned. He had duped me; no doubt he had swindled others. So, altho I disliked mixing in such things, and altho I much preferred to try to get back my $2,000, I saw that it was my clear duty to turn this swindler over to the police.

I slipped the opal into my vest pocket where I carried that $10 fake. The two would make a good case against Quantera.

"Come to my room and we'll talk this over," I said.

The Mexican saw me pocket the opal. And he must have caught some note of eagerness in my voice, for his dark eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"It is well," he said; "but, first, I will thank you to return my opal."

"Oh, it is perfectly safe with me," I replied. "Come on!"

Quantera started to walk by my side; but there came suddenly from down the street behind us the sharp squawk of a taxi horn. At this the Mexican sprang in front of me. I saw in his hand the flash of steel.

"The opal!" he cried. "Be quick!"

Now the very mention of fighting gives me a sickening sensation in the solar plexus. The pleasant paths of peace have been mine by choice. So, when I saw that knife, and saw murder on that man's dark face, I felt an icy chill go down my spine. I wondered, dimly, if the passing taxi would see my danger. What I did I have never been able to account for. I remembered reading about such things; but I am sure that, at the time, the action was purely automatic. As Quantera stepped closer, my foot swung out, and the toe of my heavy winter shoe caught him squarely on the wrist joint. The knife fell, and, with a howl, Quantera seized his limp arm.

Then I realized that behind me, at the curb, a taxicab had stopped, that a man was hurrying out, and that a woman's voice was beseeching the man to be careful. Another instant, and the man was at my side. "What's going on here?" he demanded, seizing Quantera by the collar.

"He's a jewel swindler," I said. "His name is Quantera and——"

"Quantera!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Are you sure?"

"Quantera is the name he gave when he—when he swindled a man in Los Angeles out of $2,000 by pawning off a cheap stone for a valuable opal he offered to sell."

"He's the bird! Lordy, here's a story!" And he began dragging the prisoner toward the taxi. I didn't know what he meant by "story," but I followed. Then suddenly he stopped. "I saw the knife this fellow pulled on you," he said; "and I saw the nifty way you winged him with the toe of your shoe. Get that knife; we'll want it as evidence."

I found the ugly weapon where it had fallen in the snow, and then returned to the taxi. My friend was shoving Quantera into a seat by the driver. "I'll ride up here," he said; "you get in with——Oh, I forgot!" He turned and faced me, and I saw now that he was a stockily built fellow, stoop-shouldered, and wearing thick glasses. "My name's Lorimer," he said. "Yours?"

I reached for the hand he extended, and the movement brought my face full in the glow of the taxi's side light. "Mine is——"

"Robert Winton!" exclaimed a girl's voice from the darkness of the cab. "What are you doing here?"

Lorimer gave me a puzzled look. "Edna, is this that fellow Winton, from California?" he demanded.

But Edna made no reply. For I was scrambling into the taxi. The interior of the taxi was quite dark, and——

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Lorimer. He slammed the door shut and climbed up to where the driver was guarding the prisoner.

[illegible] Remembrance [illegible] the instant the [illegible] over. Slowly w[illegible] moment [illegible] asked: "How ca[illegible] here in New York?"

"Business," I replied indifferently.

"How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks."

"Then you were in San Francisco nearly two weeks before you left for the East?"

"Yes."

She fell silent. "Why didn't you 'phone or call?" she asked finally.

"Business," I said, none too gently, I fear. For I was telling myself, bitterly, that it didn't matter much why I hadn't called; she probably didn't care, anyway, I thought.

"Who's Lorimer?" I suddenly demanded.

"A friend," she replied, a bit stiffly. "He was taking me to the Christmas benefit performance at the Wande Theater; but he won't go now."

"Why not?"

"Business," she flung back at me. "I'm sorry my affair interfered with your plans."

To this Edna made no reply. I saw her turn her pretty head and look out the window at the swirling snow. I was sorry, then, for the way I had spoken. It seemed quite cold in the taxi.

A moment later we came to a stop. Thru the frosted window I saw that we were at my own hotel. Lorimer was pulling the Mexican down off the seat, rather roughly. He jerked the door open.

"Come on in, you two!" he called out.

I helped Edna out. Lorimer evidently had left us to shift for ourselves, for when we reached the lobby, he was not in sight. I looked at Edna, questioningly.

"Irving Lorimer is a reporter," she said. "He is a news hound. This was his night off, and we were going to the theater. But he's forgotten all that now. He'll take that man to his room, get his story, 'phone it into his paper, hold the Mexican until it's too late for the other morning papers to run anything, then turn the prisoner over to the police. I—I think I'll go to my room," she finished wearily.

"Your room? Are you stopping here?"

"Yes. Irving lives here, and mother and I always stop here when in New York."

"I wonder how I've missed seeing you?"

"Business, I suppose," she replied, with an air of resignation. "When do you return to San Francisco?"

"In the morning."

"So soon? Then don't you want to come up a minute and visit with mother?"

"Most certainly." I bowed, and followed her toward the elevator. As we passed the hotel desk, the clerk called my name and handed me a telegram. I tore it open. It was from the firm, and read:

"Do not sell stones. Have better offer."

Well, this was a ray of light in the darkness. I had not yet informed my firm of my failure to sell the stones. Now I was spared that humiliating task. Indeed, it appeared that it was a fortunate thing that I had been unable to dispose of them.

Edna's mother greeted me warmly. We were scarcely seated, however, when the 'phone rang. Edna answered. "It's for you," she said, nodding to me.

For an instant my hand rested on hers as I took the receiver. She drew hers away slowly, and I, like a veritable fool, appeared not to notice that I had her lovely hand in mine. I saw then, for the first time, just a touch of sadness in her dark eyes.

"Winton, this is Lorimer," came a clear voice over the wire. "Thought I'd find you there with Edna. And now listen: This bird we pinched is Nunez, the notorious jewel thief and swindler. He has an odd little scheme. He watches [illegible] he comes to know [illegible] know the value of [illegible] able to pay for [illegible] pulls off what appears [illegible] chance meeting and offers at a ridiculously low figure a wonderful opal. In your winter clothes and hat, Nunez says, he failed to recognize you as the man he bunked out in balmy Los Angeles until he heard you speak. Then you had the opal, and it was too late."

Of course, after it was all over, I had seen the absurdity of this Mexican hawking a $5,000 opal on the streets, and Lorimer's explanation of Quantera's scheme cleared up that point. I saw, too, that it was not strange that Quantera had not remembered me as his Los Angeles victim.

"Well," Lorimer continued, "Nunez now says he will return your $2,000 to you if you will promise not to appear against him. He is not yet under arrest, so you would hardly be compounding a felony if you took up his offer. It will save you the trouble and annoyance of appearing against him. Do you want to take it? The scoundrel has over $2,000 in currency in his money belt."

Much as I wanted that $2,000 back, I declined the proposition.

"Glad to hear it. If none of the other victims turn up, you'll probably get your $2,000 back, anyway, after Nunez is sent over the road. But listen here: In his swindle scheme, Nunez has been using a beautiful opal worth several thousand dollars. The only gem I can find on him is an imperfect opal worth perhaps ten dollars. What did he show you that time in Los Angeles? What has become of the genuine opal?"

I told Lorimer I had the $5,000 opal in my vest pocket. Ere I finished talking, I heard the receiver slammed onto the hook. An instant later, Lorimer burst into the room.

"Lemme see it!" he demanded.

I handed him the gem.

"By all the good-luck gods, this is a find!" he exclaimed. "Man, man, don't you recognize this? This is the famous Du Mounte opal, stolen a few months ago from Du Mounte's collection!"

"What! I heard nothing of that!"

"At Du Mounte's request it was kept out of the papers," Lorimer explained. "The theft was discovered only about two weeks ago. It came about in this way: About three months ago, two Mexicans tried to interest Du Mounte in a certain opal deposit in Queretaro, Mexico. They appeared to know all about opals, and, of course, Du Mounte showed his collection. When he left soon afterward for Mexico, he put his gems in a safe deposit box. One of the Mexicans then started for California; but the other sailed with Du Mounte's party for Vera Cruz, they having decided to reach Queretaro via Mexico City on account of trouble at the Texas border. On Du Mounte's return, two weeks ago, he missed this opal, and at once suspected the Mexican who had gone West. Circulars were sent quietly to all jewel houses and detective agencies. Your firm must have heard about it just after you had started for New York. Nunez probably realized he would have trouble disposing of this opal for anything like its real value, and so hit on this swindling scheme. He had an awful nerve to try it here in New York. And now, Winton," he rattled on, beaming on me, "you're a lucky dog. There is a reward of $2,000 out by the American Jewelers' Protective Association for the apprehension of Nunez; and another of $2,500 offered by Du Mounte for the return of his opal. There's $4,500 you brought down just by a little kick on the wrist. Great Scott, lemme think!"

I was trying hard to do a little clear thinking, myself.

"And I always heard that opals were bad-luck stones," Lorimer went on, grinning at the gem in his hand. I stole a look at Edna, but she would not meet my eyes. "Well, this splendid fire opal surely brought us good luck. [illegible] $4,500; and I get a front-sheet story." [illegible], Lorimer deliberately took a pic[illegible] off the dresser and, in spite of Edna's protests, slipped it into his pocket. At a glance, I saw it was a picture of myself which I had given Edna.

"'San Francisco Jeweler Jugs Gem Burglar on Broadway!'" Lorimer cried like a newsboy. "'Disarms Desperado With Western Wallop on Wrist.' Lordy, what a headliner, eh?" He started for the door, but stopped short. A moment he looked at Edna, then at me. He drew two theater tickets from a vest pocket and handed them to me. "Take this little girl to the theater for me, will you, Winton?"

"I don't care to go," spoke up Edna, quickly.

"Like thunder you don't!" Lorimer fired back. "Why, ever since you landed in the big city you've been talking about this chap Winton. No, I won't hush up! Just because he gave you an opal ring you refused to marry him! And you told me you realized your mistake during his long absence in Los Angeles. Had he called on you on his return he would have been a goner. But he had a chilly feeling in his pedal extremities and stayed away. You moped around, then asked mamma to bring you here to forget. The capture of this gem swindler throws you two together. By the gods, there's some fine heart interest for my story! Get busy with the love stuff, Winton. We go to press in an hour!" And with that, the "news hound" hurried out the door.

Edna's mother came over and kissed her tenderly. "I think I'll go down to the parlor and read a while," she said, giving me a motherly pat on the arm as she passed out.

Every lover loves a thoughtful mother!

Edna's cheeks were flaming. I, myself, felt hot and cold flashes chasing themselves all over me. I didn't know what to do. I had faced that Mexican with a whole lot more equanimity than I displayed now.

Edna saved the moment. "Robert," she said quietly, "that paper you read at the Los Angeles meeting was published in the Times, and I read it at the library. It was wonderful, wasn't it?"

I managed to ask why.

"Because it convinced me that opals were not unlucky gems, that I had been foolish, and——"

I waited no longer. Quickly I smothered the confession that came from those red lips. And I knew, thereat, that the omen of the opal was good!

HIBERNATION

Oh, de old groun' hog an' de grizzly bear—
De north wind's blowin' an' dey don't much care.
While you an' me has got to go
A-choppin' de wood or a-shovelin' snow.
We got to keep movin' mighty fast to find
A chunk o' hoe cake an' a bacon rind,
While dey keep slumberin' like a log—
De grizzly bear an' de old groun' hog!

De frog digs deep foh his comfort's sake,
An' dar's no use lookin' foh de garter snake.
Dey's got some 'scuses foh to dodge de storm
Wif no fur overcoats to keep' em warm.
Oh, I don't mean me nor I don't mean you,
But it do seem wrong when dar's work to do
To be dreamin' an' waitin' foh de sunshine fair,
Like de old groun' hog an' de grizzly bear!

Breaking the Iron Ring

By Ernest A. Young

In ways that are dark and tricky the politician of today is an adept. The fight to break his grip on one town's affairs forms the basis for this story.

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CHAPTER I.

THE APPEAL.

THE knocking was repeated a half-dozen times at quarter-minute intervals. Its monotonous insistence seemed to imply that it might continue indefinitely if it were not answered.

Intrenched within a little box of an office situated in the center of the building, with one window opening into an air-shaft and a closed door with frosted glass panels, Arnold Fay believed himself to be secure from interruption. He had set a time limit for declaring his decision upon the most important questions of his career, and he needed every moment of the remaining time for concentrated thinking.

He whirled about impatiently in his swivel chair, but before he could speak, the door was pushed open and some one stepped into the room.

The one who entered was Miss Grace Edmunds, daughter of Waldo Edmunds, the president and dominating head of the Edmunds Manufacturing Company, as well as of nearly all the other leading industrial concerns of the town of Hamilton.

So the impatient demand that Fay had been on the point of uttering was not spoken. He arose, mumbled some sort of a greeting and placed a chair for her. But she remained standing.

"I hope you will pardon me for seeming so persistent, Mr. Fay," she said, the low contralto of her voice sounding friendly.

"Of course—of course," he returned, hastily. "I told the boy not to admit anybody, that is all. If it is anything important I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"It is important, tho I'm afraid you may not think it necessary." She spoke hesitatingly, but seemed to gather courage as she went on.

"Tomorrow might have been too late to do any good, and I did not dare risk delay. Will you listen?"

"I am listening," said Fay.

"You will think I am queer and—and meddlesome—to speak of this to you. But somebody had to do it, and it was thought that you might listen to a—a lady, when you would rebuff a——"

"Yes, yes, I see," and Fay laughed a bit uneasily. "They have always banked on that sort of thing, and that has been my main objection to equal suffrage. But I voted for it, Miss Edmunds, so you needn't be afraid to speak. Say anything you please. I'll try to treat your suggestions as if they came from a man, without forgetting that you are a lady. Is that all right?"

"Oh, yes! But just letting me speak is not all I expect of you, Mr. Fay. I want you to say what you feel, and in the end I shall expect you to understand and to yield. You have been asked, urged, importuned, to be a candidate for mayor of Hamilton. You have promised to deliver your decision tomorrow."

"That is why I shut myself away from visitors this afternoon," said Fay. "I wanted to thrash out the matter alone. I had really made my decision before you knocked, only I was thinking just how I would put the matter up to the committee when they get after me, tomorrow."

The girl bent suddenly toward him, catching her breath with repressed eagerness. "You had already decided?" she exclaimed.

"But I don't have to announce my decision till tomorrow," Fay reminded her, still smiling.

"You must not go into this contest, Mr. Fay!" she said. And her tone was as insistent as her knocking had been.

Fay was angry. For the moment it was fortunate that she was a woman, for the fact toned down the language of his retort.

"You are certainly candid in your way of putting it up to me—or, rather, in relieving me of the necessity of deciding for myself. But you will pardon me, Miss Edmunds, if I inquire how you, or those you represent, plan to enforce your order? What if I say I will enter the contest, anyhow?"

"Don't say that, please, until you understand my objections," she pleaded.

"State them as briefly as you can, then, for I have a good deal to do tonight." He looked at his watch. "It is nearly 6 o'clock," he added, "and at 8 I have an engagement."

"First,' the girl went on, and she seemed to be no longer embarrassed for words, "you will be going against the very ones who have been your friends and associates. Your business interests are the same as theirs, and you cannot afford to make enemies of them."

"Thanks, for showing me what I cannot afford to do," said Fay. "But you should understand I would not be going against anybody, as you express it. Cannot a man undertake a straight piece of work, even if it be helping to do public business, without going against others who may also be doing straight public business?"

"Of course. But you know that for you to win somebody else must lose, and that is likely to make the somebody else unfriendly. And in this case your opponent will be——"

"I prefer not to discuss my opponent, if I am to have one," Fay broke in. "In any case my opposing him won't smash a friendship. We have never had anything to do with each other."

It had grown darker in the room, and Fay took keys from a pocket, found the disc on the wall and snapped on the lights. Then, looking into the face of his visitor, he saw that she had grown pale, and for the first time he recalled some gossip which had been mentioned in his hearing. This was that Dwight Jackson, mayor of the city and Citizens' candidate for re-election, had manifested a more than friendly sentiment toward Miss Grace Edmunds.

"I guess I've put my foot in it now," he thought. But there seemed to be no way of smoothing over his last remark, so he remained silent, only hoping that she would recognize the uselessness of continuing the discussion.

Yet, as he stole another glance at her, he awoke to another realization. She was beautiful! And then he suddenly found himself hating Dwight Jackson personally where before he had merely disapproved of him as the chief tool of the Iron Ring. And Grace Edmunds was making it plain that she wished to save that man from defeat.

"I was not speaking for your opponent especially," he heard her saying, while his inward rage grew. "You would be opposed to all the members of the manufacturing company of which you are the secretary and my father is the president. The leading men of the city—you know whom I mean—are all on the other side. At the same time, I know you will have a strong following, and that you are the only man who could possibly win against such opposition. Please do not misunderstand me, Mr. Fay."

"I don't know why you should take so much interest in this matter," said Fay. "I can go into the contest and still have a liking for any voter who may prefer my opponent. If it is a fair game, why mayn't I play the chance to win?"

"I do not think you can win."

"Then why need you worry? I'm too good a sport to be a grouch in case of my defeat. But I haven't even promised to run as yet. I have until tomorrow noon."

"I wish you would defer your decision until a day later."

"But I promised the committee when I would say the word, and they will count upon receiving it in definite shape."

The girl stepped toward him, her whole personality directing its persuasive power.

"Ask them to wait until a day later," she said. "If nothing happens to alter your purpose within the additional twenty-four hours, then give them your word. Do this for me, Mr. Fay—please!"

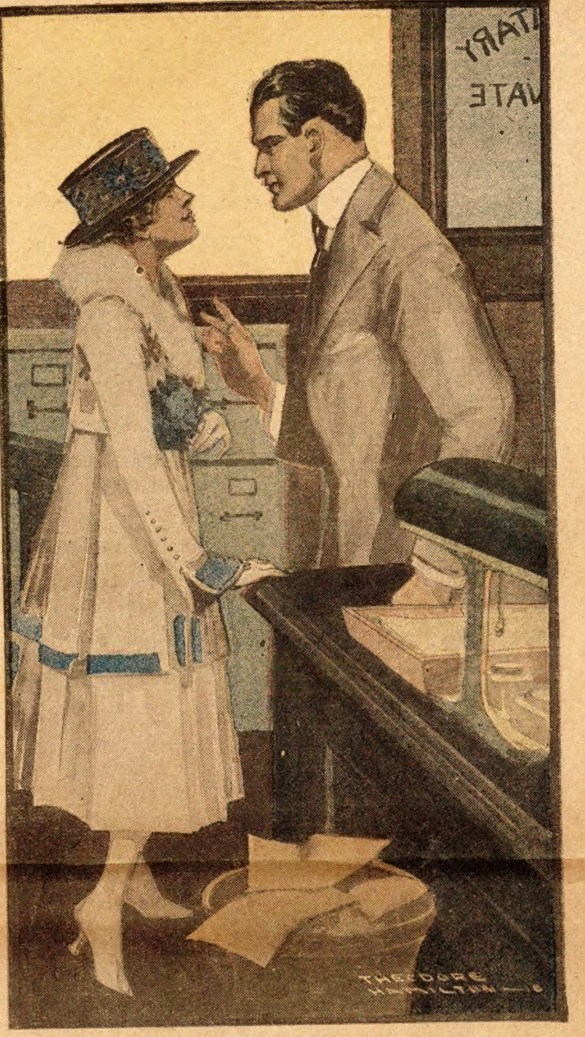
Fay hesitated. Then he laughed again.

"You are a suffragette, all right," he said. "And I went and helped to give you the vote in this State! Well, if you rise against me with your hosts, I will probably be beaten. I will grant your request for another day before I hand over my decision in definite form. But —" and he stepped to the door and opened it for her—"it will make no difference with my decision. That will stand, for I have thrashed it all out, and I think I know what I will be up against."

The color had left her face when she spoke that final appeal. Now it surged back again.

"Thank you for so much, Mr. Fay," she exclaimed, smiling. "Take my word for it, if you decide to give it all up you will thank me for coming to you. And—and I don't want you to think badly of me."

As the door closed after her Fay felt a sudden impulse to call her back. It seemed to him he had been unnecessarily abrupt in dismissing her. Why, he asked himself, had he not treated her request in a more friendly manner, and so tried to discover what there was behind it?



"I'll Try to Treat Your Suggestions as If They Came From a Man—Without Forgetting You Are a Lady."

His decision was not beyond recall, and might he not obtain as much light on the question by hearing what Miss Edmunds had to say as in any other way? At least, he told himself, she was in a position to give him at first hand the view-point of the opposition. Yes—and an unreasoning bitterness again surged within him—she could, very possibly, have spoken for his opponent, Dwight Jackson.

All this passed thru Fay's mind while it was yet possible to open the door and recall Miss Edmunds. But the force of more prudent counsel prevailed, and he turned the key in the lock so sharply that she must have heard the click of the shot bolt.

It was then that the blare of the factory whistles broke forth all over the busy city, proclaiming that the workday had ended. It was 6 o'clock.

A moment later the murmur of voices and jar of hundreds of footsteps told of the operatives pouring out of the Edmunds factory and passing thru the narrow court in the rear of the office building. And Arnold Fay, more than ever before impressed by numbers, also remembered that other factories in Hamilton were sending forth their quota of people.

"As a candidate for mayor," he reflected, "I will be a target for the good or the ill will of that mob!"

CHAPTER II.

THE EDMUNDS LIMOUSINE.

FAY'S mind was in a tumult. He knew it was because of the visit and singular request of Grace Edmunds that he was so upset. She had brought to him a keener sense of the vitalness of the contest he had about decided to undertake.

Fay's previous acquaintance with Grace Edmunds had consisted of meetings mostly upon formal occasions. He had not been insensible at such times to the charm of her face and voice, but he had never presumed to express a desire to know her more intimately. And here she had been telling him what he must not do in city politics!

Well, Hamilton was surely in a bad way. For years a clique of grafters had been gaining control of every department of the administration. It was more than a mere squabble among local politicians, for, being the county seat, the city dominated the interests of many other towns.

Within the past year the ruling interests had dared to show their power in new and audacious ways. Against his will, Fay had been forced to acknowledge that the phrase, "The Iron Ring," was not ungrounded.

For Dwight Jackson, who was the candidate of the Citizens' party for re-election, Fay had an aversion which he knew was cordially reciprocated by the present mayor. This, however, had nothing to do with Fay's decision to become the standard-bearer of the Independent, or opposition party.

Before considering the matter in a personal way, he had employed a trustworthy private detective to dig after evidence of the alleged crookedness in the city affairs. It had not been mere muck-raking to make political capital, but an unprejudiced investigation of charges that had been openly made against city officials, and their connection with the so-called Iron Ring.

The results brought to Fay feelings akin to sorrow, for more than one of those whom he counted among his friends were involved.

Dwight Jackson seemed to be in it

deepest of all. A vein of Jackson ran thru the whole miserable fabric, confirming what Fay had suspected all along—that the man was unscrupulous.

It was not until one week before the day when Fay had been asked to decide positively about his own course that he obtained evidence of the far-reaching influence of the corrupt ring. On that day something occurred that had more to do toward shaping his decision than anything else.

A vagrant had been arrested on a charge of petit larceny. It was alleged that he had taken a gold-handled umbrella from the waiting-room of the trolley line. He was seen when he took the umbrella, in fact, but had managed to get away with it. He had pawned it for a dollar, spent the money for beer, and so became gloriously drunk.

There was nothing in the incident to arouse sympathy for the thief. He was confronted in police court by the traveling salesman who owned the umbrella, by the boy who saw him seize and scurry off with it, and by the pawnbroker who allowed him a dollar on the pledge.

Arnold Fay had chanced into the municipal courtroom that morning to speak to the attorney who acted as chief counsel for the Edmunds corporation. It was at the moment when the case of Conway—known as Corney—was called. Fay lingered to hear it thru.

In spite of the vagrant's plea of "not guilty," the testimony against him was conclusive and undisputed by other witnesses. Yet up bobbed a lawyer who grew red in the face with an eloquent appeal in Corney's defense.

It was all so funny that Fay shook with silent laughter, while he watched the judge scribble something on a slip of paper which the clerk of the court proceeded to read in a droning voice.

Joseph Conway, alias Corney, was found not guilty of the crime with which he was charged!

A moment after the announcement of acquittal, Corney shambled out of the courtroom and, as he passed a group near the exit, he grinned and winked brazenly at several of the bystanders.

Fay had been so astounded by a verdict so unequivocally contrary to the evidence that he forgot the errand that brought him to the courtroom. Outside he encountered two of the Edmunds mill hands who were out for a holiday. They were laughing over the way Corney's case had been disposed of.

"He always gets by," said one. "I expected he would, but I never knew the judge to hand out anything quite so raw before, even to Corney."

"Hist, Jack!" admonished the other. "If they hear you talking that way you'll get pinched for contempt, and you may not get Corney's luck."

Under a sudden impulse Fay asked the two workingmen to come to his room for a talk. At first they were reluctant to talk, for they suspected him of an intention to make them feel the pinch of the Iron Ring. Later he persuaded them to tell him all they knew and suspected. And he believed them.

Such was the experience which, more than anything else, prompted Fay to ally himself openly with the Independents, in opposition to the Iron Ring. And he was the right sort to rally a host of friends to his support.

It was to review all the circumstances and formulate his final decision that he had shut himself into the private office that afternoon. There was to be a meeting which he was expected to attend that night. As he had told Miss Edmunds, he had actually made his decision before her insistent knocking had interrupted his reflections.

"And now I have let her hypnotize me into putting them off for another twenty-four hours," thought Fay, as he listened to the voices and footsteps outside. "And doubtless she is working in behalf of Dwight Jackson, who is probably the only man in Hamilton who hates me personally. It looks as if I were proving myself to be rather easy right at the start-off.

"But she acted friendly about it, after all, and I gave her to understand that waiting would make no difference. She must have inferred that I had decided to enter the race; but am I sure I have decided?"

Fay lit a cigar and paced back and forth until the sounds of home-going operatives outside his window subsided into silence. Then he closed and locked his desk, snapped off the lights and went out upon the street.

The streets and byways near the factory that had lately swarmed with people were now almost deserted. A few belated ones straggled by the office building. The only signs of animation in the vicinity came from a corner saloon that always filled up when the mills were emptied.

Fay decided not to go home until after the 8 o'clock meeting. He visited a dairy lunch, and when, fifteen minutes later, he returned to the street, he saw a limousine glide out of a side street and draw up in front of the saloon. At the same time a man slouched out of the doorway and approached the car.

It was Corney. Fay, who had instantly become curious, paused to observe the man's movements. It was then that the door of the limousine was opened rather gingerly, and a voice that, with its distinctive contralto tones fresh in his memory, Fay could hardly have mistaken, spoke from within the car.

"Hasten, Conway," the voice urged. "We will attract attention if we wait here."

The voice of Grace Edmunds! And it was into the Edmunds limousine that the vagrant climbed tipsily, and as the door was closed from within the voice spoke again.

"You are so careless, Corney," it complained. "I mustn't be seen by the mill people—think of it!—taking you to ride in my car!"

Fay's whole career had been bound about by the strenuous elements of work and business. He had begun at the bench with common mechanics, had known the wholesome weariness that follows ten or twelve hours of heavy labor. He had met reverses and fought his way thru them. Such hardships had tried his mettle and helped to make him what he was.

But the sound of that voice, speaking in that familiar, half-friendly way to the half-tipsy thief and bum, brought to him a feeling of sudden bitterness, amounting almost to despair, such as he had never experienced before.

The Faith Once Delivered

God is God!
Thru eons past,
Thru those unnumbered
Yet to come,
One truth remains,
God is God!

Tho devils rage and woe on
woe beset!
Tho consternations sweep
from pole to pole—
Thru arching skies and
ocean's deep to deep—
Tho mountains rock and
cataclysms roll,
And agonies unspeakable
confound,
Tho sun and moon and
primal planets fall,
Hold fast! Unfathomable
are His ways!
But God Almighty, still,
is over all!

—ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON *in Living Church.*

Without definite thought or purpose he sprang toward the limousine and called in a hoarse voice:

"Conway!—Miss Edmunds!"

But the car glided away, and in a flash it whirled into the side street from which it came and disappeared.

"If I let myself loose in that fashion I won't last long in the political game," muttered Fay, as he struck into a brisk walk to break up the mood that possessed him. But the fatigue from tramping over several miles of the city streets did him no good.

Grace Edmunds hobnobbing with Corney, the boozy thief and loafer! What did it mean? Was it just a freak attempt at uplift work, such as the daughters of rich men, well-intentioned and with no real work to occupy their time, sometimes undertake? Or could it be something connected with politics and Hamilton's Iron Ring?

The more Fay thought about the incident the more inexplicable it became. He thought of the man he had employed to ferret out city crookedness, and wondered if he might not find a solution to this puzzle. But he quickly banished the suggestion.

"If Grace Edmunds is not all that her wonderful outward charm would indicate," Fay reflected, "I don't want the common methods of a detective employed to uncover her duplicity. I want to find out the truth, but I don't want any suggestion of what I have just observed to become food for public gossip."

As the clocks were striking eight Fay entered the small assembly hall where the leaders of the Independent opposition movement were to meet.

The hall contained not above thirty male voters, who occupied a row of short benches down the center of the room. In chairs ranged along a narrow platform at the rear were a dozen women. On the main platform in the front part of the hall were two men and two women.

A fifth member of the so-called Independent committee was going about and speaking with a confidential air to various persons in the room.

Fay was greeted by a clapping of hands when he came in, and in a moment he had been conducted to a chair that had been reserved for him on the main platform. He found himself, wholly against his inclinations, the central figure in the assemblage.

A few formal speeches followed, but as a whole the meeting was one for conference rather than oratory. Fay, when called upon, spoke briefly, and it seemed to himself that his remarks were crude and stupid. But all seemed to be pleased by what he had said, and better than the applause, which might have come as a matter of form, was the deference with which he was treated afterward.

Had he been in a different mood he might have been flattered by the manner of his reception. There was something of friendliness underlying the whole atmosphere of the meeting which impressed him so he would be likely to recall it afterward.

He told them they would have to wait another twenty-four hours before his decision, which he had promised them, could be announced. At the same time he gave them to understand that they need not look further for a candidate to oppose Dwight Jackson in the coming contest for the office of chief magistrate of the city.

Reporters for the two city newspapers had been excluded, but after the meeting the secretary of the organization gave out for publication a framed-up account that disclosed no detail which they were not ready to have published.

Fay broke away from those who would have detained him to talk over matters. As he hurried into a side street he saw a man move quickly away from the fire-escape stairs at the rear of the building.

"A listener!" Fay exclaimed. And he sprang to intercept the retreating figure.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXPLOSION.

BY A HURRIED detour Fay succeeded in bringing himself face to face with the one who had played eavesdropper thru a third-story window from the fire-escape.

"You, Cowdrick!" Fay exclaimed, as the other gave up a slight attempt to avoid the meeting.

"You don't have to worry, Fay," was the quiet retort, "for not a whisper of what I observed or overheard will be printed in our paper."

"Then you were really spying on the meeting? I wouldn't have thought that of you, Cowdrick!"

"Don't blow up, Arnold, until you know the whole of it," protested the newspaper man. "In the first place, you ought to know that I am almost as vitally interested in this business as you are, and I would have been on the inside with you, only Drew of our paper wouldn't stand for that.

"As the city editor, my situation is clinched and headed down as a neutral. If we lean at all, we must favor the Ring."

"But why did you creep up there and listen, Cowdrick?" Fay protested. "You know how I hate the pussy-foot in any kind of a game."

"I climbed up there to listen because I was more anxious than I ever was before about anything—about anything!" the young man emphasized.

They were standing in the rear of the building where the meeting was held, and there was small chance of their being spied upon. Cowdrick, who was short, thin and alert, laid one hand in a friendly way upon Fay's shoulder.

"Truth is," he added, after a moment's pause, "I hate to have you go into this."

"And you, like a—a certain other person, wish to persuade me to flunk," Fay retorted.

"On the contrary, I want you to go ahead, and I think I will resign from the newspaper job so I may be free to pitch in and work for you."

"Then what did you mean by what you started to say?" persisted Fay.

"I hate to have you up against that combination," said Cowdrick, "because I know you can't pull thru the fight without getting hurt, even if you win in the end.

"That Iron King is loaded, let me tell you—forty-two centimeter, twenty-mile range, with machine-gun and shrapnel to crossfire your trenches! Oh, it will be a devil of a fight and there will be all kinds of fouling to put you out of it! I know more about it, Fay, than you do. Listen:

"There were at least two traitors or spies present at your meeting tonight. So, with all your precautions against the awful newspapermen, the enemy is in possession of all the secrets whispered at your private confab."

"Are you sure of this?" Fay demanded.

"Dead sure. Did you observe the women huddled at one end of the rear platform?"

"Yes. Do you mean to say they were there to spy?"

"At least two of them were, tho some were not. The two I mean were brought to the corner of the next street by the Edmunds limousine. I saw them get out of the car and walk to the hall."

Fay drew a quick breath, but remained silent.

"What do you say to that?" persisted the city editor of the Hamilton Morning News.

"Were the two women members of the Edmunds household?" Fay asked.

"I don't know. I don't remember ever having seen them before."

"Didn't they have to show some sort of credentials to get in?"

"They were on deck ahead of about everybody else except the janitor. Your guess is as good as mine as to how they juggled themselves by."

"You count everybody in the Edmunds family as dead in favor of Jackson and against an overturn?"

"Even to the house dog and Angora cat!" Cowdrick averred. "If it is Edmunds, it is of the Ring, and if it is of the Ring, then the Edmunds and Jackson bunch aren't far off. But of course I'm telling you a lot that you knew before. Only, old man, I don't wish you to think I sneaked up that fire-escape tonight just to make a scoop for my newspaper."

"You're all right, Cowdrick, and I'm thankful for what I know to be the rare gift of friendship. I couldn't believe, after our year together on the old Knob City Special, that you would do a thing that wasn't on the square. Still, your newspaper should stand first. You remember we had great ideas about loyalty to the sheet that we worked for, whether it was white or yellow."

"I'll resign if I've got to edit stuff against you, Fay," said Cowdrick, warmly.

"No, no! Don't throw down a good job. Remember the wife and kiddies. If I had such hostages to fortune I'd let this Independent mayoralty campaign go hang."

They walked slowly back to the street, Cowdrick dealing out the facts which his nose for news had scented at the beginning of the campaign.

"You would be a lot of help to me in this fight, Cowdrick, if you weren't tied up," Fay told him as they agreed to separate at the next street corner.

"I may be able to help you as it is," said the city editor. "As you say, the wife and kiddies have to be thought of, and I'm not pulling the money out of my job that you are from yours, so I will have to go slow. But I won't write a line, or doctor up one, to help Jackson and the Ring. I'll go back to space work and cheaper fare first, and if the pinch has to come, the wife will stand by."

The street corner was reached.

"Just a word more, Fay," said Cowdrick. "If the women voters can be convinced that it is a real reform [illegible] standing for, and that there is a real Iron Ring against you, a majority of them will rally to your standard. But the women lack leadership. They're not used to the game. Then there is the Edmunds daughter to lead on the other side."

Fay turned sharply upon the speaker. "Why must she oppose me so bitterly?" he demanded.

"She is an Edmunds."

"That is hardly a reason if she has any mind of her own."

"Then there is talk, you know, about Mayor Jackson paying suit in that quarter. There may be nothing in it. I never saw them in public together. Business with Edmunds may account for Jackson's visits there."

"Then he goes to the Edmunds home frequently?"

"Once or twice a week."

"Well," growled Fay, "that is another incentive for me to put him out of the city business. I think I'll succeed in doing it."

There was little sleep for Fay that night. There was one miserable thought he could not get out of his head—of Grace Edmunds in a surreptitious meeting with Corney, the sneakthief and bum. The more he thought about it the more baffling and revolting it seemed.

As he mulled over the circumstance in the small morning hours, Fay decided to see Miss Edmunds the next day and bluntly to charge her with engaging secretly in the work of the corrupt city government. In the excited condition of his mind he was in a mood actually to charge her with allying herself with the criminal element which, for the sake of its votes, was shielded by the authorities.

But daylight brought to him the cool common sense that ordinarily abided with him. If Miss Edmunds were not what she seemed, he decided, then it should be nothing to him. There was a city political fight on, and as women were to have the ballot for the first time, there were bound to be some among them ready to stand by the old order of things, whether clean or corrupt. And Grace Edmunds would naturally stand with her father and the ones he favored.

Fay bought a copy of the Morning News and saw his name in a big scarehead on the first page. It was a report of the secret conference of the Independents—secret in intent, yet blazoned in large type thru the treachery of the spies who had attended the meeting. He also obtained a copy of the rival newspaper, which had the same report, merely phrased a little differently.

"This proves that Cowdrick wasn't responsible for giving away the story," Fay decided.

The certainty furnished by this proof that his friend was worthy of the trust he felt in him was worth something, even tho there had been no doubt in his own mind. Had Cowdrick furnished the account it would have been an exclusive one in the News.

One point common to both reports brought a keener sting to the feelings of Fay. It was intimated that he had been induced to defer his decision to enter the campaign thru the intercession of one who had brought a strong personal influence to bear. There was in the rival sheet a veiled prediction that he would withdraw altogether as a candidate.

"Who told them that?" he demanded, when he read this statement.

He was once more in his private desk room in the center of the Edmunds Company's office building. He had given no injunctions denying himself to visitors and, therefore, he was not surprised when the door was thrown open even without a preliminary knock.

The one who entered was Waldo Edmunds. Fay rose quickly and placed for him the only chair the room afforded for visitors.

Edmunds was a short, pudgy man of 60, and he was always somewhat wheezy and out of breath. This morning his small, red-lidded eyes, with their scanty lashes, were more than usually gimlety as they were fixed upon the face of Fay.

"Well, what is this I hear?" he demanded. "You seem to be letting them couple your name with the muck-raking gang. You should nip that sort of thing right in the bud, Fay."

The younger man hesitated before replying. He realized that, at last, he must meet the storm of protest which, until then, he had thought little about.

"I suppose, Mr. Edmunds, you refer to last night's meeting of the Independents in Assembly Hall?" Fay returned.

"So you were actually present at that meeting? I thought that might be just a newspaper lie."

"I was there," admitted Fay, quietly. "I see no reason why I should not stand with them since, on the whole, I approve of their principles."

Edmunds' face was growing redder every moment, and he seemed on the verge of an explosion akin to the blowing up of a munition plant. Then by a sudden effort he seemed to obtain control of himself. He found relief in a wheezy, derisive burst of laughter.

"You—approve of the principles of those—those muck-rakers!" he snorted. "Why, of course you approve of them. We all do. We're all of us reformers. If we were anything else we wouldn't say so, would we?"

Then a perfect cyclone of mirth seemed to belch forth from the massive chest and fat throat.

"It is not exactly in my line to prate about reform," Fay countered quietly. "It is like this, Mr. Edmunds: Some of my personal friends, whom I fully trust, have asked me to run for mayor on the Independent ticket. I haven't told them positively yet whether I will do so or not."

Edmunds choked back his derision, but his face took on a yet deeper shade of red.

"Well," he exclaimed, "what are you going to tell these friends of yours? That you'll stand up to be bowled over on the day of the city election?"

"They understand that I will accept the nomination if it is offered me."

"Huh! And run against Jackson and the interests of our company, and of the entire conservative element of the city!"

"I should oppose Mr. Jackson, in any case. I thought you understood that all along, Mr. Edmunds."

"Why should I understand that? Just because you two don't happen to be personal friends is a poor excuse for your turning against the only decent people——"

"I must decline to talk about decent people in the same breath with Dwight Jackson," Fay cut in.

The other was momentarily silenced, and for a minute the calm gaze of Fay met the savage glare of the small red-rimmed eyes that were accustomed to make others quail.

"Do you know, Fay, what will happen to you if you buck up against the very people who have put you on your feet?" Edmunds demanded.

"Jackson never had anything to do with putting me on my feet, as you express it. Nor did he ever have anything to do with anybody's success except his own," said Fay.

"But the worth-while people behind him——" Edmunds began when Fay cut in again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Edmunds, if I remind you that I am not responsible for the mistake the people you speak of are making in backing that kind of a man. There is one element with him, as you must know, that should not be allowed to rule the city another year. I am definitely pledged against Dwight Jackson and his crowd. That decision would stand, even if I were to decide not to run for the office."

To Fay's surprise Edmunds did not flare back with the expected storm of threats and abuse. The man had the reputation of bullying everybody with the sheer force of an explosive temper, which he would allow to belch forth with a volcanic roar.

Such outbursts from a man who has the added power of wealth behind him will intimidate most men into submission. In the case of Waldo Edmunds, even his business associates were shy of arousing the storm of his antagonism. In truth, the man's success had been due in part to his knowledge of whom, and how, to bully.

But Edmunds was more than a mere bully. He was a shrewd judge of human nature, and now and then he understood that a certain individual might not be bowled over by a blast of abuse and invective. He estimated Fay as such a man. But Fay must be beaten, even if thunder and wind could not do it.

The manufacturer deliberately sank into the chair that Fay had placed for him. He was still breathing wheezily, but the gathering purple in his cheeks faded to the dull red that belonged to them in his calmest moments.

He leaned toward Fay and aimed a stubby forefinger at him.

"Has it never occurred to you," he began, "that there are some evils in the world that can never be killed out in an open, square fight?"

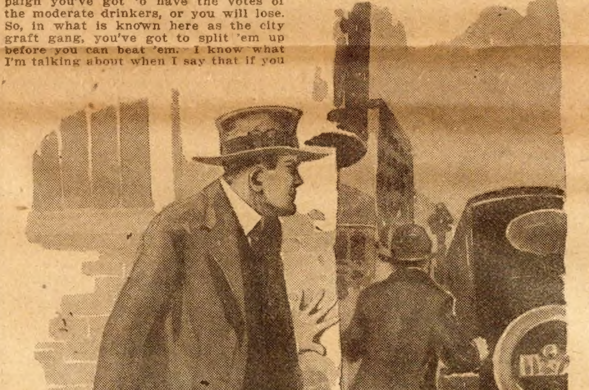
Fay nodded as the other paused. But he was not ready to comment on a remark of that sort until he could see whither it was intended to lead.

"A good many evils," Edmunds resumed, "have to be put down by the use of crafty, deceptive means—the same means, in fact, used by the workers of evil themselves. Now, do you think, Fay, that I am so blind to my own interests and reputation that I would even seem to stand in with a corrupt element, unless I had an object in doing so?"

"I hadn't thought anything about your position in the matter," Fay returned. "It is all I can do to line up my own."

"That's just it. You're intent on lining up your own course of action. You've got courage and you're honest. But there aren't enough of voters of your stamp in Hamilton to elect you mayor. To win, a man has to bid for the support of men—and, under the new dispensation, of the women, also—whether he approves of them or not.

"For example, in a temperance campaign you've got to have the votes of the moderate drinkers, or you will lose. So, in what is known here as the city graft gang, you've got to split 'em up before you can beat 'em. I know what I'm talking about when I say that if you line up solid against the gang they will line up solid against you, and you will be outnumbered. Am I talking sense, Fay, or what?"



A Man Slouched Out of the Doorway and Approached the Car.

The young man felt the force of the other's logic in spite of himself.

"What you say is true enough," he answered. "But I shall conduct my campaign with my eyes open, and you must not expect me to talk over all my plans with the opposition."

"Certainly not." Edmunds wiped his face with a big, snowy handkerchief, for he was perspiring. After a moment he continued in a lower key: "I want you to believe me, Fay, when I say that I expect to turn in and help land you in the mayor's chair."

Fay stared at the speaker incredulously, and then smiled.

"Thanks, Mr. Edmunds," he said. "But how about Jackson?"

"You don't quite get me," resumed Edmunds. "This year we'll have to let Jackson have it, and then, with a whole year to work in we'll put you in next year—you and a board of aldermen of your own picking. I'm a man of my word, Fay, as you ought to know, and I pledge you my word to do what I say."

Fay was thinking hard, trying to figure out what sort of a scheme Edmunds was trying to work out. He knew that the man could and probably would do all that he had promised. At the same time Fay realized that he would become a follower of this man if he accepted his support, and at the same time he would allow Jackson to go in for another year practically unopposed.

"I am sorry, Mr. Edmunds," said Fay, "but what you propose is impossible. I know you will understand that——"

"Wait!" the other cut in. "I have spoken to you so far as a friend, Fay, and because I didn't wish to do anything to injure you. But—mind the way I say it—you must not go into the opposition this year!"

"It is too late to withdraw, even if I was willing to withdraw," said Fay. "At the same time I wish you to know that I want to fight fair and, as far as possible, to keep personal feeling out of it."

"Do you mean to say that my proposal is absolutely refused?" Edmunds demanded.

"I have refused nothing for next year, and that was a part of your proposal, as I understand it. But I must keep on this year according to the plans agreed upon with my supporters."

Edmunds arose and his big chest swelled out, while the red in his cheeks became darker.

"I've tried to save you, Fay," he exclaimed, still keeping down the cyclone of wrath which showed in the heaving of his chest. "But no—you're bound to have it! I'm willing to help to make you if you will but show a little sense. But you're bound to play the mule and so I—I'll have to let you have all that is coming to you.

"Listen: You have a few shares of stock in the Edmunds Company, and on the strength of that fact, with your own ability and my favor, we got you elected secretary of the corporation. You are in the line for promotions in position and advances of salary. But no—you choose to buck against us! In two weeks we meet and elect corporation officers. Off will go your head! And within a month you will be hunting a job."

Fay's cheeks paled, but he did not speak. Edmunds turned and waddled toward the door. With his hand on the knob he paused again and faced Arnold. Then the volcano of his wrath burst forth.

"You infernal, mulish swell-head!" he wheezed. "I offered to make you, but you have chosen to fight against me and my interests! Now, by Jupiter, I'm going to break you! Do you get that, Fay? I'm going to break you!"

The door closed with a bang, and the heavy tread of Edmunds sounded in the passage outside. Fay dropped back into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

Few men could face such an outburst, and know all there was behind it, without being shaken.

When a man finds himself facing sudden ruin or death he is apt to find he also is confronted by other things. That was the fix in which Fay found himself. His whole future depended upon his decision. Events follow swiftly in the installment of this story to appear in the Ledger next week.

* * *

"EVE'S LEGEND."

IT IS generally admitted that 'e' is the most used of any of the five vowels. It would be a safe wager that no one can read at random two lines from a book or newspaper without encountering it. But did its prominence among the letters of our alphabet ever suggest the possibility of "writing a story"—a real story, with characters and incidents—in which all the vowels except "e" should be omitted?

In a quaint old book, not very well known, there is an example of this ingenuity. It is a little story written by Lord Holland, in 1824, entitled "Eve's Legend," but has nothing to do with the "first mother" of the human race, or with the Garden of Eden, altho that locality would appear to invite the attention of any author from whose use all vowels save "e" were excluded. Here is the story:

"Men were never perfect; yet the three brethren, Veres, were ever esteemed, respected, revered, even when the rest—whether the select few, whether the mere herd—were left neglected.

"Peter wedded Hester Green—the slender, stern, severe, erect Hester Green. The next, clever Ned, wedded sweet Ellen Heber.

"Stephen, ere he met the gentle Eve, never felt tenderness; he kept kennels, bred steeds, rested where the deer fed, went where green trees, where fresh breezes, greeted sleep.

"There he met the meek, the gentle Eve; she tended her sheep, she ever neglected self; she never heeded pelf, yet she heeded the shepherds even less.

"Nevertheless her cheeks reddened when she met Stephen; yet decent reserve, meek respect, tempered her speech even when she showed tenderness.

"Stephen felt the sweet effect; he felt he erred when he fled the sex, yet felt defenseless when Eve seemed tender. She, he reflected, never deserved neglect; she never vented spleen; he esteemed her gentleness, her endless deserts; he reverenced her steps; he greeted her:

"'Tell me whence these meek, these gentle sheep—whence the yet meeker, the gentler shepherdess?'

"'Well bred, we were eke better fed, ere we went where reckless men seek fleeces. There we were fleeced. Need then rendered me shepherdess, need renders me sempstress.

"'See me tend the sheep; see me sew the wretched shreds. Eve's need preserves the steers, preserves the sheep; Eve's needle mends her dresses, hems her sheets; Eve feeds the geese; Eve preserves the cheese.'

"Her speech melted Stephen. He bent the knee where her feet pressed the green; he blessed, he begged, he pressed her.

"'Sweet, sweet Eve, let me wed thee; be led where Hester Green, where Ellen Heber, where the brethren Vere dwell. Free cheer greets thee there. Be led there, sweet Eve!'

"'Never! We well remember the Seer. We went where he dwells—we entered the cell—we begged the decree:

"'Where, whenever, when, 'twere well Eve be wedded? Eld Seer, tell.'

"'He rendered the decree; see here the sentence decreed!' Then she presented Stephen the Seer's decree:

'Ere the green reed be red,
Sweet Eve, be never wed;
Ere be green the red cheek,
Never wed thee, Eve meek.'

"The terms perplexed Stephen, yet he jeered, he resented the senseless credence, 'Seers never err.' Then he repented, knelt, wheedled, wept. Eve sees Stephen kneel; she relents, yet frets when she remembers the Seer's decree. Her dress redeems her. These were the events:

"Her well-kempt tresses fell; sedges, reeds, bedecked them. The reeds fell, the edges met her cheeks; her cheeks bled. She pressed the green sedge where her cheeks bled. Red then bedewed the green reed, the green reed then speckled her red cheek. The red cheek seems green, the green reed seems red.

"These were e'en the terms the Eld Seer decreed. They then were wed."

On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

The Story in Brief

SAU-KE-NUK, the chief city of the Sauk, or Sac, Indians, nestles in the angle formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi. Near it is the high bluff, known ever as Black Hawk's Watch Tower. Here in June, 1831, the Indians are celebrating the Crane Dance, the time of wife-choosing. Two lovers, White Eagle and Raven Hair, recount some of the strange, superstitious stories that cling about the tower. The next day General Gaines, with a guard of soldiers, arrives, bringing a message from the President of the United States—an order for the Sacs to leave their lands and go into Iowa, claiming that the land occupied by Black Hawk and his people had been ceded to the United States Government in 1804. Black Hawk claimed the sale had been fraudulent, that he had never signed the treaty. Chief Keokuk urges Black Hawk to obey, and Black Hawk consents under protest. Five hundred canoes carry the people of Sau-ke-nuk to the western shore. Nearly a year later the story opens in New Salem, a village of log houses on the banks of the Sangamon River, in Illinois. Young Abraham Lincoln is clerking in the one store. He is chosen as a candidate for the Legislature. A messenger announces that a band of Sac Indians and other hostile tribes, led by Black Hawk, has invaded the State. Lincoln is elected Captain of militia and proceeds to the war. The troops gather at Beardstown, Ill. With some friendly Winnebago chiefs Colonel Gratiot goes with a flag of truce to meet Black Hawk and his followers. The truce fails, but Colonel Gratiot and his aids escape to Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. Lincoln wins a wrestling championship. The militia arrives at Fort Armstrong and marches after Black Hawk, who sends back a flag of truce. Drunken militiamen attack the flag bearers. Black Hawk, angered, attacks the whites and defeats them. Lincoln meets Jefferson Davis at camp. Captain Horn witnesses a terrible massacre of whites at Indian Creek. The Indians carry away Sylvia and Rachel Hall, sisters. A new regiment is formed to chase Black Hawk, reported to have crossed into Wisconsin. Lincoln joins as a private. Captain Horn and companions ride on the trail of the Indians who hold the sisters.

Of course you are interested and, having read the above, you can go right ahead with the installment printed in this issue. Back copies, with the earlier chapters, may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. This story started in No. 6, dated Feb. 9.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF THE CAPTIVES.

"SIT down, gentlemen," urged Colonel Dodge, "and tell us the news while you wait for your rations."

Captain Horn began an account of his journey to Galena, but he was cut short by the appearance of a guard, who reported:

"Colonel Gratiot, the sentinel has sighted a flag of truce on the prairie, and he waits your orders."

The guests sprang to their feet. "Sit still, gentlemen!" cried Colonel Gratiot. "This business must be handled discreetly, or all is lost. I will look into the matter and report."

The Colonel followed the guard to the open square.

"I see it, half a mile to the east," he announced presently. "It must be White Crow or one of his chiefs. Beouchard!" The interpreter hastened forward.

"Beouchard," asked Colonel Gratiot, "will you take two guards and interview yonder bearer of the flag of truce?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the interpreter, and, hurrying away, he selected two companions, who returned mounted, as Colonel Dodge and his guests joined Colonel Gratiot on the green.

"See to it, Beouchard," cautioned Colonel Dodge, "that you are wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove in your conversation with the wily Winnebagoes."

"I will, indeed, sir!" called back the interpreter, as he galloped onward over the prairie.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Gratiot, "I am certain that yonder flag bearer comes to announce the arrival of the captives and to arrange for their safe delivery. I will collect the ponies and trinkets which I have promised and have in keeping to present to the Winnebagoes upon their arrival, and will take fifty soldiers with me as honorary escort."

"And you will number us among the company," pleaded William Hall.

"No, sir!" flashed Colonel Gratiot. "As you value your sisters' lives, Hall, keep out of sight until they are safe within the fort."

"That is sound advice, boys," agreed Colonel Dodge.

"There is no trusting a Winnebago unless you have him completely under your power. I have something to say to them regarding their friendship with the Sauks, and when I am done, I will present them with a fat steer. We must impress them with our friendship as well as our authority."

The party went forward to meet the returning interpreter, who reined up beside them.

"Colonel Gratiot," he began, "the young ladies, escorted by a body of warriors, are held in the valley on the other side of the prairie. The Indians insist on counseling with Colonel Gratiot before surrendering the captives."

"Come on, lads," summoned Gratiot, springing upon his horse, which had been led forward for him. "Face about! March!"

And the fifty soldiers closed in behind him, with the bugle sounding as they galloped over the prairie. Colonel Gratiot reined up beside the Winnebago chief and his flag bearer, and all gave the military salute.

The Colonel offered his hand to the chieftain, saying: "Welcome, White Crow. I come to offer my congratulations on your successful mission and to escort you to the Blue Mound Fort, where General Dodge has prepared a feast in your honor."

White Crow eyed the Colonel and his mounted guard keenly.

"I am ready to surrender the captives," said he. "Follow me!"

With horses abreast, White Crow and Colonel Gratiot led the procession across the prairie and over the hills that edged it. Gradually the ground sloped away to the east, where a verdant, fertile valley lay. In this valley was a luxuriant grove of oaks, beneath the wide-spreading branches of which they sighted the warriors, with guns and spears drawn, closely gathered about the captives. A tremor crossed the face of Colonel Gratiot as he thought of the possible consequence attending a false move on his part. He braced himself in his saddle and resolutely guided his horse up to the circle. The soldiers followed his example, while he began:

"My friends and children, your father is glad to behold your faces and see that you are well and happy. Your father is proud of his children that they have fulfilled their word of honor and returned the captives. As a token of my regard, I present to you the ponies which my soldiers ride, and which you will receive upon your arrival at the fort. Your friend, Colonel Dodge, awaits you there to receive you and pay you the two thousand dollars' ransom which our great war chief, White Beaver, has furnished for you. Let us hasten to the fort."

The warriors slipped their spears into their belts and pressed forward to mount their ponies, tethered to the underbrush in the center of the grove.

Colonel Gratiot seized this opportunity to approach the captives, who stood alone on the open sward, clasping each other tightly, a strained, frightened expression on their haggard faces, which the overhanging branches heightened to a ghastly pallor. The four squaws, who acted as their bodyguard, sat near them.

As Colonel Gratiot drew near, the girls sobbed convulsively in each other's embrace. He sprang from his horse and advanced with outstretched arms, saying:

"In God's name, dear ones, do not give way! Keep up a high courage! I have delightful news waiting you at the fort. White Crow," he said, addressing the scowling chief who was approaching, "the ladies are tired. Let us proceed with all haste."

Two Indians appeared with the captives' ponies.

"Your hand, little one," said Colonel Gratiot, addressing Sylvia, "and now your foot, and away you go for your last mount."

Rachel quickly followed her sister's example.

"Swing in behind us!" directed Colonel Gratiot, as he mounted his charger and wheeled beside White Crow.

The four squaws drew up on either side of the captives and the warriors closed in behind, jealously guarding them from the soldiers who were forced to bring up the rear. The bugle sounded and the procession moved on.

As they mounted the slope and turned westward, the captives sighted the picketed palisades of Mound Fort, and it was difficult for them to suppress the emotions which set their hearts throbbing. But the grim face of the chief riding before them warned them that they were still under his control. They clutched the reins tightly and riveted their eyes on the spot which was their ark of safety.

At last the palisaded gates swung open, and Colonel Dodge and his aids welcomed them upon the square.

"Welcome to Mound Fort! Welcome!" said the Colonel, as the procession of ponies circled around him.

It was an imposing picture. Two guards stepped forward and held the American flag protectingly over the captives. Sylvia clutched it and, kneeling, reverently kissed it. Instantly every head was bared. The garrison's band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and every voice sent the melody echoing thru valley and forest.

Colonel Dodge faced the chiefs, and began:

"My friends! Mr. Gratiot, your father, and myself wish to have a talk with you. The Sauks are shedding the blood of our people. The Winnebago Prophet and one hundred of your people are united with Black Hawk. We wish to know in what relation you stand to us; whether you intend to harbor the Sauks in your country. To do so will be considered a declaration of war on your part. Your Great American Father is the friend of the Indians, he wishes to make you happy. He is mild in peace, but terrible in war. His power is great. If you make war on us, you will have your country taken from you, your annuity money and the lives of your people must be lost. We speak the words of truth. We hope they will sink deep into your hearts. We hope that the bright chain of friendship will still continue, that we may travel the same road of friendship under a clear sky.

"In token of our regard and gratitude for the safe deliverance of these captive maidens, I hand to your chief, White Crow, two thousand dollars in gold, and we invite you to be our guests for a few days. The cabins yonder are at your disposal; my soldiers are preparing a campfire for you, and you will find a fat steer waiting for your feast tonight. Now we will leave our soldiers to accompany you to your campfire, while we escort these tired young women to the fort."

The Indians shouted a grateful "Ho! Ho! Ho!" as the soldiers led them away. But the squaw women lingered, loath to relinquish their rights as guardians of the captives to whom they were devotedly attached. Colonel Dodge waved them back toward the campfire.

"Go feast with your husbands," he said. "The white squaws in the fort will care for these daughters."

"Good night!" called the girls, waving a friendly salute, and the squaws nodded in return as they cantered away.

Arriving before a heavy oak door, Colonel Gratiot threw it wide open; three men stepped forward and paused on the threshold. The foremost of them opened his arms and cried:

"Sylvia! Rachel! Little sisters!"

But the call was drowned in the cries of the girls, who swayed and fell sobbing into the arms of their brother and uncle. They were quickly carried to a couch, where they sobbed unrestrainedly.

"There! There, Sylvia! Don't cry, little one! Don't cry! We are together again, never to be separated, never!"

"Oh, William, we thought you were dead!" moaned the girl. "It was terrible —the horror of the thought that we should never see any of you again. Always traveling with the Indians and going we knew not whither."

"Never mind, dear! God is kinder than our thought. He has brought us together and raised up a score of friends, who wait with outstretched hands to help us—a merciful compensation for our terrible loss."

"And were the Indians kind to you?" asked Uncle Reason. "Tell us about your journey."

"Yes," replied Rachel, "they treated us well from the start. They hurried us along at first. I think it was because they feared being overtaken, and we were very tired of traveling. On the third evening we reached one of their camps. We were treated to a supper of dried beef, corn, soup and coffee.

"After supper the Indians had a scalp dance, and we recognized many of the scalps. They danced around us with spears drawn, and we thought our hour had come. But, after dancing an hour, four squaws came and took us to a wigwam, where they spread us a comfortable bed and lay down beside us, and the squaws have been our bodyguard ever since. They took away our dresses, furnishing me this red and white calico with the ruffle around the bottom, while Sylvia was given a blue calico. They tried to persuade us to put on moccasins, but we refused to do so. On the seventh day several Indians came to us and said we must go away with some Winnebagoes headed by White Crow.

"After we had been placed on our horses, two young men stepped up and, with sharp knives, cut off locks of hair from our heads, saying that they would have us back in three or four days. We rode all night, reaching a Winnebago camp at daybreak. A bed of furs was spread for us, and we rested until breakfast time. After breakfast we were placed in canoes, and traveled all day, camping that night on the bank of a stream at a Winnebago village.

"In the morning White Crow came and spoke to us in English, asking if our father or mother were living, or any brothers or sisters. We told him all had been killed. He looked very sad and said he was going to take us home. We were placed on ponies and traveled all day over wet ground, swamps and underbrush. Toward evening we joined a camp of Winnebagoes, who prepared us a nice supper of pork, potatoes, bread and coffee, and later arranged a comfortable bed for us.

"After all the Indians had retired, White Crow lit his pipe and sat down at the foot of our bed, where he watched all night.

"When breakfast was over, on the following morning, we resumed our journey over land that seemed higher and more barren, and at noon we came upon some wagon tracks which led us to believe that they were really going to take us home. We dined at 3 o'clock on venison and boiled duck's eggs. We resumed our journey to the valley, where we were informed that we were near the Mound Fort."

"And so the dream comes true, little one," said Uncle Reason. "And here are home friends waiting to greet you. Come along, William." He beckoned to Captain Horn, sitting beside the fire. "Let us see if the girls' adventure has made them forget old friends."

Captain Horn approached, followed by two women. Lifting her head from her brother's shoulder, Sylvia sprang forward with both hands extended, exclaiming:

"William Horn! Why, William Horn! What brings you here?"

"I am searching for two runaway maidens," he gravely responded, holding the outstretched hands. "And I come with authority from General Atkinson to take you by force from your savage admirers, so you had better surrender forthwith."

Sylvia responded with old-time merry laughter and a mischievous twinkle in her big brown eyes, as she looked into the wan, grave face of the Captain. But Rachel, as Captain Horn released one of her sister's hands to take her own, replied:

"We will gladly go, William, if you will furnish us clothes fit to appear before a civilized community."

"Here are friends ready to assist you," replied Captain Horn, turning to his women companions.

"Mrs. Dodge, will you assure these sisters that they can rely on you for their proper return to civilization?"

"Indeed, I can," pledged Mrs. Dodge, patting the girls' cheeks. "Mrs. Beouchard and myself claim the privilege to mother you to our hearts' content, and we shall begin at once by escorting you to your room."

The girls followed the two women into the bedroom opening off from the hall.

"Oh, Sylvia," cried Rachel, "this is better than our dream! To think that we shall sleep in a clean white bed!"

The tears glistened in their eyes as they looked about the room with its freshly scrubbed floor and white bed.

"I am glad you like it, my dears," said Mrs. Dodge, laying a hand on each girl's shoulder "We will leave you now to wash your faces and tidy your hair."

A few minutes later the girls joined the group about the log fire and were then escorted to the supper which Madam Beouchard had spread on the long table standing at the rear of the hall.

"Well, young ladies," chuckled Colonel Dodge, as he helped the girls to roast beef and baked potatoes, "does home cooking appeal to your appetites after your life in the open?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the girls together. "We find ourselves half starved."

"But," added Sylvia, soberly, "we should be very grateful to the Indians for their kindness to us. They treated us as guests and always furnished us the best they possessed."

"And our own mothers could not have watched us more carefully than our four squaw companions," continued Rachel. "They hovered over us when we were tired, and seemed sincerely distressed when we failed to eat our food."

"An Indian's friendship is the most sincere on earth," declared Colonel Gratiot, "and he is a most vindictive foe. He never forgets a kindness, neither does he forgive an injury."

They returned to the fire and chatted

pleasantly over the many strange adventures they had experienced, but purposely avoided referring to the massacre. Time and again Captain Horn slipped his hand into his pocket for his father's letter, which he longed to place in Sylvia's hand, but the tired, worn expression counseled him to forego his desire to claim her as his sister. Promptly at 8 o'clock Mrs. Dodge arose, and, taking a candle from the mantel, said:

"Young ladies, you have had a weary journey and a busy day is before us tomorrow. We will bid the gentlemen good night."

The girls kissed their brother and uncles, bowed to the guests and followed Mrs. Dodge to their room.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Dodge, "let us follow the ladies' example and put in a good night's rest. I seek your company in the overflow cabin on the square. We will leave the ladies to the care of their brother, uncles and Captain Horn."

The two men went at once to their cabin. Beyond the square they sighted the Indians' campfire burned to coals; a group of Indians lingered smoking their pipes, but the majority had retired to the cabin put at their disposal, and beyond were the guards commanded by Captain Bion Gratiot.

"We shall have a restful night, Gratiot," said Colonel Dodge.

"Yes," replied the other; "the Winnebagoes are making the most of your hospitality."

The two Colonels were soon sound asleep, but erelong they were aroused by Captain Bion Gratiot, who rushed into their cabin, shouting:

"Rouse up! Rouse up, and prepare for action! The Winnebagoes meditate an attack before morning."

The two officers threw aside their blankets and rushed to the door.

"What grounds have you for this alarm, Gratiot?" demanded Colonel Dodge.

"Sir," contended Captain Gratiot, "the Winnebagoes have violated your courtesy by abandoning the hospitable quarters you assigned them, and have retired to the bush, where White Crow harangued them with language disrespectful to yourself. The chief declared that Colonel Dodge was no great shakes of a fighter; that Black Hawk would mincemeat him as he did Major Stillman's crowd, if he came across him. He said the whites were a soft-shell breed, and squawked like ducks when the spear and tomahawk were applied, and would stick their heads in the bush like quails and turkeys when danger threatened. He professed friendship for Colonel Gratiot, and advised him to quit Colonel Dodge and stay at home.

"Furthermore," continued the Captain, "the Indians are all sulky and stealthy, and are busy grinding their knives, tomahawks and spears. Two of the warriors have slipped off toward Four Lakes, where the main body of Winnebagoes are encamped. Taking all these things into consideration, I think we have cause for alarm, Colonel Dodge, and should prepare for the worst."

"Do not be alarmed, sir!" cried the Colonel. "I will show White Crow that we can stand the spear and tomahawk without squawking, and, by the eternal, the sooner he leaves these parts the better for him! Summon the officers and six of the guard, Gratiot, while I call my interpreter, Beouchard."

When the men had assembled, he continued: "Colonel Gratiot, will you summon the soldiers and line them up on the square? Beouchard and myself will march to White Crow's rendezvous with Captain Gratiot and the six guards. We will convince him that we are not of the soft-shell breed!"

"Colonel Dodge," replied Captain Gratiot, "I confess I am greatly alarmed, but in case of danger of an attack, I pledge you I will stand by you until the last drop of blood is spilled."

"That is all I can ask, sir," assured Colonel Dodge. "Lead on!"

They hastened across the square and reached the bush, where the full moon revealed the Indians closely grouped together.

"White Crow," commanded Colonel Dodge, "I want you and your six chiefs to march with us to the fort."

"We will come in the morning," replied the chief.

"No, as you value your lives, I command you to march at once," and the guards stepped forward and took into custody the valiant White Crow and his chiefs and marched them to one of the cabins near by.

"Lie down, there, and remain there!" commanded Colonel Dodge, pointing to the cabin floor. "I shall lie down with you and see that my orders are obeyed. Captain Gratiot, will you station a guard about this cabin and a guard about the entire encampment?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the Captain. "And summon the entire force at the fort, who must stand upon their arms all night."

Colonel Dodge arose with the sun and ordered a breakfast served to the Indians and soldiers and officers. After breakfast he summoned them together in council.

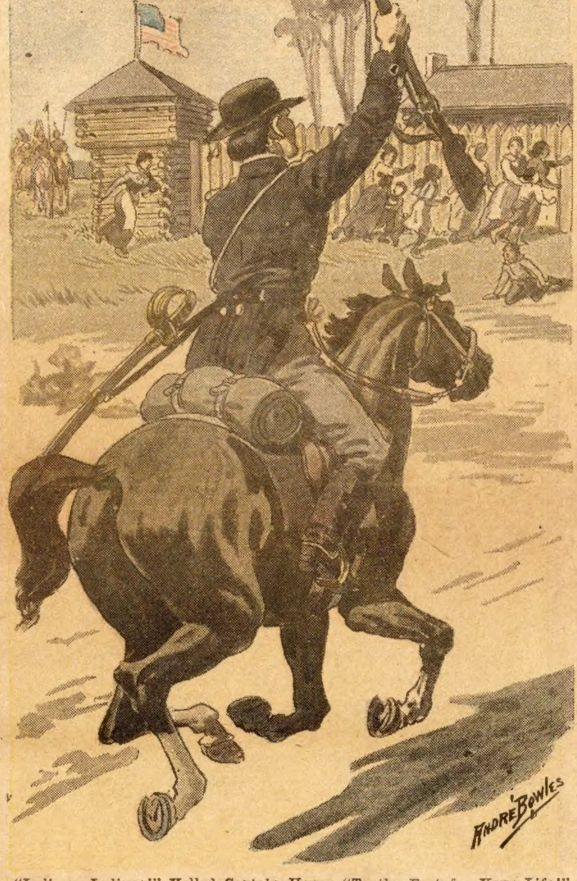
"My children," he began, "last night's performance was a proof of your treachery to the whites and your friendship for Black Hawk. We know that many of your warriors instigated murders of our frontier inhabitants; therefore, we feel compelled to treat you as enemies."

"Our father is mistaken," remonstrated White Crow. "A few of the warriors whom we could not control joined Black Hawk, but the majority are friendly toward the whites and cannot be influenced to aid Black Hawk."

"We cannot trust you, White Crow," reiterated Colonel Dodge, "and, to be on the safe side, I am going to retain, as hostages, three of your leading chiefs, Whirling Thunder, Spotted Arm and Little Priest. We take them with us tomorrow to Gratiot's Grove, to hold at the fort until the arrival of General Henry. Your party may accompany us if you wish. I leave you the guests of our soldiers for the day."

As Colonel Dodge crossed the square, he intercepted Captain Horn, escorting the former captives down the path.

"Make the most of this day's pleasure, young ladies," urged Colonel Dodge. "Tomorrow my order is 'Forward march.'"



"Indians, Indians!" Yelled Captain Horn. "To the Fort for Your Life!"

Captain Horn seized the opportunity the morning stroll afforded to deliver his father's letter.

"Are you young ladies aware," he asked teasingly, "that I have a command from my father to convey you home?"

"Your father!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Where is he and what has he to say about us?"

Captain Horn drew his father's letter from his pocket and laid it in Sylvia's hand.

"Read it aloud," he said.

The girl began in a surprised tone, her voice trembling as she read on, and ended in a sobbing cry as the note fell from her hands.

"Now," challenged Captain Horn, "are not my claims duly established? Have you not two brothers William to call upon and a mother waiting to receive you?"

"We do not merit such kindness, William. How can we accept it?"

"To please us; and remember that we have entered our plea ahead of others."

"Others!" ejaculated both girls.

"Yes, there are others who will claim you on the score of friendship. William Munson started out with me, but was obliged to return with the news of St. Vrain's death. I am willing to share my sisters with William, but my parents will never be willing to forego their claim."

"William! William!" cried Sylvia. "You know that we should choose to live with your father and mother above all others, and we may never return to Indian Creek."

"No, little sisters, Indian Creek must live in your memories as the happy days of your childhood only, and we will accept William Munson as your third brother William."

The girls laughed heartily as their uncles and brother joined them. Together they strolled about the fort grounds, discussing plans for their journey in the morning. And at 8 o'clock on the following day they moved southward along the trail. The party passed a restful night at Gratiot's Grove, and the young ladies appeared in the morning clad in fresh clothing furnished by the ladies of the fort.

Captain Horn and Sylvia went ahead that day over the wagon road which led to Galena, fifteen miles away. Behind them rode Rachel and William, with the two uncles bringing up the rear. The sound of the bugle followed them, until a bend in the road shut them from the friends, who had guided them over the perilous ground.

"Our last gallop together, Sylvia," said Captain Horn.

"Must you leave us, William?"

"Yes, my furlough expires today, and I shall return to Dixon's Ferry unless I find orders waiting me at Galena."

"When are you coming home, William?"

"When we are thru with Black Hawk."

"Why must the war continue? Cannot the Indians be recompensed?"

"No, there has been devilish work on both sides, God knows. Both sides are roused to white heat, and will fight to the bitter end. Right or wrong, the whites are determined to possess the land. It will not be long, Sylvia."

"And then you will come home?"

"Yes, little sister; and whatever I can do or give of my life to mitigate your sorrows, I shall give without stint. Look, Sylvia! In the valley below lies Galena, and beyond the lowlands sweeps the Father of Waters!"

"Oh, William," cried Sylvia, as they cantered down the hill to Army headquarters, "it is like a fairy story—our return to home and friends!"

"However, Sylvia, I protest against your repeating the fairy act. We shall not allow another escape."

"Captain Horn, at last!" exclaimed a sentinel, hastening forward. We have been expecting you the last two hours."

"How so?" queried William. "I thought that we were springing a surprise."

"Not at all, sir! Colonel Gratiot dispatched an express last night announcing your approach. I have orders to escort you to his wife's quarters. This way, sir!"

As they crossed the green, headed for the log cabins which housed the officers' families, the doors opened, and men, women and children trooped forward to welcome them.

A stately little matron was the first to greet the girls as they slipped from their saddles.

"Bless your dear, sweet faces!" cried the little mother, as she embraced them. "You don't know how the time has dragged since the express arrived with my husband's message."

And she led the young women into the house, while the men and children escorted the soldiers to camp quarters.

An hour later the travelers joined the girls at Mrs. Gratiot's cabin.

"Girls," announced William Hall, "the steamer Winnebago starts for St. Louis in an hour, and we will sail with it."

"But not before you have dined with me, young man," interposed Mrs. Gratiot. "Dinner is merely awaiting your arrival."

Immediately after the meal the officers' wives outfitted the young women with necessary clothing, and when all was ready a small procession escorted them to the steamer. Captain Horn accompanied the girls on board and helped them to arrange their baggage.

"All aboard!" shouted a voice below.

The Captain's heart throbbed painfully. He longed to take Sylvia in his arms and tell her everything, but he restrained himself, and clasping both her hands, said:

"Little sister, the thought of your safety will stir me to braver endeavor."

"And we can do nothing, William," lamented Sylvia, "but wait and pray always, night and day—pray for the return of our brother."

And without trusting himself to respond, Captain Horn kissed her hands before releasing them, and sprang down the stairs, mingling with the crowd on the wharf to see them off.

A moment later the girls appeared on the deck with their brother and uncles. The crowd cheered as the Winnebago backed out and steamed down the Fever River, while Captain Horn waved his handkerchief in the breeze until the bend in the river dissolved his heavenly vision.

CHAPTER XIV.

ATTACK ON APPLE RIVER FORT.

LATE in the afternoon of June 20th, Captain Horn turned White Sox into the well-worn trail leading to the Army's headquarters at Ottawa, Illinois. The air was sultry; the lazy south breeze scarcely stirred the flowers dotting the prairies.

"Take your time, lady," he said aloud, patting White Sox. "We are over the dangerous ground and a half-hour's stretch from camp."

The horse settled to an easy lope. Suddenly she wheeled and tossed her head to the east, sniffing the air suspiciously. Captain Horn tightened his hold on the reins and scanned the horizon.

"I see, lady," he announced. "A party of horsemen, probably a scouting party from the Army. Let us ride forward and greet them."

Captain Horn sounded the Army call. White Sox bounded forward with a joyous gallop when the answer reached them. As they approached, Captain Horn recognized Abraham Lincoln, William Munson, and William Greene.

"Our will-o'-the-wisp, Horn," greeted Lincoln. "You have led us a pretty chase these last two weeks, sir."

"The same to you, Captain Lincoln. I've missed you by an hour's breadth at every turn."

"Away with your titles," laughed Lincoln. "I'm plain Abraham Lincoln, a private in Captain Early's scouting party. We have been out scouting Indians in the Bureau Creek region. The settlers reported them prowling about again; as usual, they proved to be elusive phantoms that we could not trace."

"But what took you to Galena, Lincoln? I was told that you left an hour before our arrival with the captives?"

"General Atkinson sent us to open communications with Galena and learn the whereabouts of the Indians. We had heard nothing about you or the return of the captives until we reached Galena. We hastened back to report the good news to General Atkinson, and we returned convinced that the prowling bands of Indians are attacking the settlers to keep our Army from marching against their rendezvous at Koshkonong. They are evidently planning to get the main portion of their band across the Mississippi without a direct surrender," said Lincoln.

"But Black Hawk is somewhere in this region," insisted Captain Horn, as they rode toward camp. "No other Indian could so outgeneral the United States Army."

"Has there been another attack?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of Colonel Dodge's victory at the Pecatonica?"

"No. What happened?"

The men closed in around Captain Horn as they passed the sentinels and approached the camp, eager to hear the story.

"As brilliant and heroic a combat as was ever recorded in the annals of Indian warfare," began Captain Horn. "Colonel Dodge reached Fort Hamilton about 8 o'clock in the morning of June 16th. He purposed reconnoitering the country, searching for Indians. Apple, the German pioneer, met him near the fort and paused for a moment's conversation. As Colonel Dodge neared the gates he heard three shots, and a moment later Apple's horses came dashing toward them, shot thru the head. Colonel Dodge blazed with indignation. He summoned twenty-five men from the fort and addressed them in decided language.

"'I start immediately in pursuit of the Indians, and shall overtake them before I stop,' said he, 'and when I do overtake them I shall charge them sword in hand, let their number be what may. If there are any in the ranks who feel as if they cannot do this, I want them to fall into the rear, for I want no cowards with me.'

"With these plucky words Colonel Dodge led forward, pursuing the enemy thru underbrush, over fallen timber, across open prairie to the Pecatonica River. The Indians swam the river and disappeared in the swamps. Dodge experienced some difficulty in forcing his horses across the river. But once over, he delegated four soldiers to guard the horses and four others to report the movements of the Indians. He led forward eighteen men, and discovered the Indians behind an embankment overshadowing a small lake.

"Not one of the red men escaped to report the defeat to Black Hawk."

"That is business," declared William Munson, "and balances somewhat our account with the savages."

"Colonel Dodge is our most fearless Indian fighter," declared Bill Greene. "He has never retreated before an Indian."

The news of Captain Horn's arrival spread rapidly thru the camp, and the men crowded round him, eager to hear his report of the return of the captives.

"Make way there, boys," ordered Lincoln. "Captain Horn is wanted at headquarters."

He urged his horse thru the ranks, opening the way for the Captain to follow.

"I want you to mess with me, Horn, as soon as you have reported to headquarters."

"Very well," returned his friend. "Come along with me, Abe."

General Atkinson and Governor Reynolds pressed forward to greet them.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the Governor, helping the Captain to dismount as General Atkinson grasped his outstretched hand. "Great news you have brought us, Captain. We hail this victory of Colonel Dodge as an omen that the tide has turned in our favor."

"The number of new recruits assures that, sir."

"And I have word from your father, at Fort Armstrong," continued General Atkinson. "He announces the safe arrival of the Misses Hall, and accompanies them to St. Louis on the steamer Winnebago. We have released him from the Army's duties that he may minister to their wants. I hope, young man, that these fortunate tidings will influence you to join Major Dement's expedition tomorrow."

"I am ready for any service that will aid in bringing this conflict to an end."

"That is the patriotism necessary at this crisis, Captain. Major Dement's battalion marches tomorrow morning for Dixon's Ferry, going via Henderson Creek to search for Indians. It will be a hazardous, weary journey, which your recent experience will mitigate. Captain Early's company starts tomorrow, scouting along the eastern trail, so that Lincoln and yourself will join forces at Dixon. Don't hesitate, boys, to appropriate anything necessary for the comfort of your expedition."

"We will make sure of that, General," assured Lincoln, as he escorted Captain Horn to mess.

"See here, Horn, what is up?" questioned Lincoln, as they strolled forward. "You look worn and haggard, when you ought to beam with happiness over the recovery of the girls. Are things settled between Sylvia and yourself?"

"Did you think for one moment, Abe, that I would force my claims to her affections by taking advantage of her gratitude?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Lincoln. "She is with your father, bound for your home. You do not think that any other fellow stands a ghost of a chance?"

"Why not? The girls go into my home as my sisters. They have been showered with attentions all along the route. They are considered as heroines of the war and will tarry at St. Louis as the guests of Governor Clark. It is more than likely that some of the officers at Jefferson Barracks will win the prize."

"And you will be invited to act as best man at the wedding, Horn. You ought to strike while the iron is hot. However, I wouldn't worry, but trust the decision to Sylvia's level head."

"You are such a comfort, Abe," sighed the Captain.

The morning sun summoned the two companies to their march along the eastern and western trails leading to Camp Dixon.

"We will strike due west, Captain Horn," said Major Dement, riding forward with the young Captain. "Our scouts report Indian trails in the direction of Henderson's Creek."

"Evidently the rascals are planning to elude us and escape beyond the Mississippi," returned the Captain.

"The trails are fresh, and we will do our best, but the rains have made a mess of this clay mud, the stickiest stuff on God's earth."

"Keep your epithets until we strike the Winnebago swamps," laughed Captain Horn. "We will wade breast-high."

The company pressed on, thru woods, mud and creeks, reaching Henderson's Creek in a cold, drizzling rain, and found that Captain Horn prophesied truly. The Indians had crossed the Mississippi. They started a campfire within a sheltering grove, around which the men huddled, wrapped in blankets, eating their supper of cold meat, bread and coffee. They succeeded in keeping the fire going thru the night, in spite of the drizzling rain.

The morning sun lifted the mists, and they broke camp and rode north. Night was falling when they reached the ferry and found Captain Early's regiment already quartered with Colonel Zachary Taylor's Army on the north side of the river. But Major Dement's company were thoroly weary with the two days' struggle against the elements, and made their night's bivouac on the south side of the river. Colonel Taylor, accompanied by his aid, Jefferson Davis, crossed the river with the sun and met Major Dement at the ferry landing.

Good-by, My Lover

All the flags wave abroad and
the crowds wave and
cry—
And I watch for your face in
the long lines marching by;

For my lips bade you go, but
my heart would bid
you stay—
Oh, lad, and will the war be
long, and you so far
away?

And your step as you
marched, would it lag
or fall more true
If you knew that my heart's
gone to war to follow
you?

—MARGARET WIDDEMER *in*
Everybody's Magazine.

"A timely arrival, Dement," said Colonel Taylor, in his blunt manner. "I have work waiting for your company. Direct them to swim their horses across the river and receive orders."

"Colonel Taylor," responded Major Dement, "my soldiers are tired and out of sorts with the long, cold march. They expect to recuperate before receiving further orders. Considering my future relations with them, I beg that you will deliver your own orders."

"Certainly!" retorted the exasperated Colonel, stalking out before the jaded men.

He halted, facing them, and began:

"Soldiers of the Illinois Militia, the war has reached a crisis. Black Hawk is in this region; it is imperative that we overtake him before he escapes to his Wisconsin stronghold. I deem it rank cowardice on your part to tarry a moment. You are citizen soldiers, and some of you may fill high offices, or may even be President some day, but never unless you do your duty. In plain English, gentlemen and fellow citizens, the word has been passed on to me from Washington to follow Black Hawk and to take you with me as soldiers. I mean to do both. There are the flatboats drawn up on the shore, and here are Uncle Sam's men drawn up behind you on the prairie. Forward! March!"

A mutter of dissent passed over the company; not a man stirred.

"I purpose to dry out before I dip into the river," grumbled a private.

"I second that motion," added another.

But Major Dement checked the rising wrath by exclaiming:

"Sir, your allusions are unjust and entirely uncalled for from a man who, with the experience of the regular Army, would intrench himself behind the walls of Fort Dixon and send to the front men who had never seen service. Men, you need not obey his orders. Obey mine and follow me!"

And suiting actions to words, the Major sprang onto his horse and wheeled him into the river. Captain Horn quickly followed, and one by one the company fell into line.

Abraham Lincoln greeted Horn as he mounted the banks.

"I am six hours ahead of you, Horn," laughed Lincoln. "Your crowd looks as if you had been thru the wars."

"We have, and faced a tempest upon our arrival."

"Colonel Taylor is impatient to have you on the enemy's trail, but you are to breakfast with us before you start forward."

"A wise move," returned Captain Horn. "The men will be in better manners after a substantial breakfast."

"I wish that our company was ordered out with you, Captain," said Lieutenant Davis, joining them as they moved forward to mess quarters. "We have nothing doing but hunting, fishing, and warring on wild onions. I feel rusty."

"You will have your fill of action before this conflict ends," assured the Captain. "Mark that, Davis!"

The breakfast was substantial and sent the regiment forward with rollicking song and laughter.

"Tomorrow is Sunday, boys!" called Major Dement to his regiment as they plunged on along the open trail. "You can then enjoy your well-earned rest to your hearts' content."

The day grew hot and sultry as the trail led away from Rock River. Neither breeze nor shade relieved the toilsome march. Late in the afternoon they sighted the beautiful grove of burr oaks which constituted Kellogg's Grove.

The horses pricked up their ears and entered the grove at a gallop. Within its shade the soldiers lolled about on the luxuriant moss-covered green, enjoying their evening meal.

"The seven log houses, clustered in the center of the grove, ought to accommodate the regiment, and offer a good protection in case the savages attack," remarked Major Dement to Captain Horn.

"Yes," replied Captain Horn, "and the basswood bark covering makes them doubly secure. Evidently Old Man Kellogg anticipated trouble with the savages when he erected those buildings. There are no indications of any one being around here; I must ride over to Apple River Fort in the morning and see what news they have of the passes between us and Galena."

Promptly at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, White Sox swung along the path leading out of the grove to the highway. The sun scattered the clouds and beat upon the unsheltered trail.

"Take your time, lady!" soothed Captain Horn. "The day is hot."

At 10 o'clock the Captain reined her to a halt; a mile ahead he had sighted the primitive fort. It consisted of a log stockade with blockhouses at the quadrangle. As he approached, he noticed the women and children gathering the berries along the banks of Apple River, a short distance in the rear of the fort.

He recognized Captain Stone, the commander, with twenty men, bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, strolling about the open square. The next instant a musket shot sounded from the highway. Glancing to the east, Captain Horn observed three horsemen, evidently express riders from Galena, assailed by Indians concealed in the tall grass bordering the trail. By their fierce appearance he recognized the dreaded Sauks.

The red men were naked, smeared with clay and black paint, wearing wreaths about their waists, ankles and arms. Back upon a knoll, Black Hawk, seated on his white pony, shouted his orders.

"On, White Sox!" the Captain urged. "We must save these women and children!"

The little mare took in the situation and tore across the fields to the rear of the fort, flecking the prairie grass with spume as she dashed to the rescue.

"Indians! Indians!" yelled Captain Horn, signaling with his hat. "To the fort for your life!"

He sprang to the ground, and White Sox dashed into the open door, while her rider hastened to the rescue of the terrified women and children, carrying the little ones in his arms until all were safe within the fort and the doors were barred.

Meanwhile Captain Stone and his twenty men had secured their muskets and rushed to the rescue of the express riders. By vigorous feints they dodged the Indians and gained the fort and barred the door as the savages hurled tomahawks and spears against them.

"Great God, Horn!" gasped Captain Stone, peering thru a chink between the logs. "The Indians are advancing from every direction; there are over two hundred of them!

"See! They are entering the blockhouse to protect themselves and obtain a better range. Think we can hold out against them?"

"We will fight to the bitter end!" responded Captain Horn. "Men, line up along this wall, and return the enemy's fire between the chinks."

The Indians poured a galling fire upon the stockade; the fumes of the gunpowder nearly stifled the inmates of the fort and added to the heat of their close quarters; the children's cries for water to quench their parched throats mingled with the roar of musketry.

But brave Elizabeth Armstrong came to the rescue; standing among the women she urged them to heroic action.

"Be quiet," she commanded, "and work to help your husbands to save the fort and your lives! Here, I want you to form into two lines—one to reload the muskets and the other to mold bullets."

The noble woman's bravery was infectious. The women followed her example, and under her leadership supplied the men with bullets and loaded muskets.

All day, as the battle raged, the heroic women, faint and oftentimes well-nigh overcome with exhaustion, kept at their appointed task and encouraged their husbands.

Finally, the Indians, seeing that the courageous inmates of the fort would not surrender, turned their attention to plundering the blockhouses.

"My God! Are they going to fire the buildings?" groaned one of the express.

"They dare not!" returned Captain Horn. "They are too shrewd for that. The fire would summon Major Dement from the grove and Colonel Strode from Galena. They are evidently wreaking their vengeance on the crockery and furniture; it sounds like pandemonium let loose."

"Look!" ejaculated Captain Horn. "The fiends have broken into the stockyard and are slaughtering the cattle and hogs!"

"Give thanks, Captain," said Elizabeth Armstrong, "that our heads are safe. What are they doing with the horses?"

"Stealing them," replied Captain Horn, "and that means that our deliverance is at hand."

"Yes, they are mounting them, and Black Hawk's white pony has started onward for the forest."

"Praise God!" exclaimed Elizabeth Armstrong. "The siege is lifted!"

"Oh, for a drink!" moaned a woman as she fell fainting to the ground.

"There is not a drop this side of Apple River," replied Elizabeth.

"I am going to Galena tonight," announced Kirkpatrick, a youth who had accompanied the express. "It's fortunate that we rode our horses into the fort."

"You will do nothing of the sort," remonstrated his companion. "You are not going to throw yourself into the jaws of death, after this brave defense. Besides it's a black night coming on, lad."

"Just what I want," returned Kirkpatrick. "One lone star would be my undoing."

"I think supper is in order," interrupted Captain Stone. "Fortunately we have a supply of meat, which arrived early this week from Galena."

The women spread the cold meat between slices of bread, which were furnished abundantly to the famished company. There was neither water nor milk within the inclosure, so that coffee was out of the question, but the company rose with courage to face the long night.

Promptly at 9 o'clock Kirkpatrick arose and saddled his horse.

"I am going to Galena, boys," said he. "Do not oppose me; I am taking my own risks, but the night is with me."

"Wait!" said Captain Stone. "We will have some sentinels out to see you safe beyond the blockhouses. What three men will volunteer to go with me?"

Every man sprang to his feet.

"Thank Heaven! We have no cowards among us," said Captain Stone. "Walch, Smith and Ferris, follow me. The rest, under Captain Horn's direction, stand on your arms ready for defense."

The men loaded their muskets and followed Captain Stone out of the fort, with Kirkpatrick swinging behind. The heavy doors closed and were locked.

Dawn was streaking the eastern horizon, when a joyous cry from the sentinels summoned all to the doors.

"Colonel Strode! Colonel Strode!" shouted the sentinels, and glancing along the highways, the weary watchers beheld Colonel Strode heading a relief party.

Men, women and children sobbed and shouted as the cavalcade approached.

"A glorious morning to you, Elizabeth Armstrong, and to your brave women companions!" said Colonel Strode. "The defense of Apple River Fort will ring down the corridors of time."

"Any signs of Indians, Colonel?" questioned Captain Horn.

"Not one!" replied the Colonel. "And herein lies Black Hawk's sagacious supremacy. He never burns his bridges behind him, and a victory does not lead him to commit a rash act."

"You must breakfast with us, Colonel," said Captain Stone, "in celebration of our happy deliverance."

Breakfast was served on the open square. When it was over Colonel Strode rose, glass in hand, and bowing to the ladies said, "I drink to the health and happiness of the courageous defenders of Apple River Fort, with water fresh from Apple River!"

What has become of Black Hawk's band of desperate savages? The question is answered in the next installment and the whites find themselves in a desperate plight.

BEHIND THE MASKS

By James Edmond Casey

What Happened in the First Half

ENSIGN MICHAEL BLINN, U. S. N., attending a costume ball at the Esengren Embassy in Washington, detects a guest garbed as a Spanish dancer, sending a message by means of the castanets she is clicking in her hands. "In the vase," said the message, and Blinn, watching to see who approaches the vase, notices a man dressed as a Samurai turn a switch and plunge the ballroom into darkness. Blinn, hurrying to turn the lights on again, feels a paper under his feet and picks it up. As the lights come on the Samurai flees, with a footman in pursuit. The footman is shot with a chemical gun. The paper proves to be a map and the copy of a secret treaty. As Blinn reads it an attempt is made to snatch it from his hands. Blinn flees in an automobile, driven by a strange man, who believes him a confederate in some scheme. They are pursued by the Esengrens. Blinn leaves the car and dashes into a house pointed out by the driver and finds himself confronting the Spanish dancer and the Samurai, who believe him one of their confederates. Blinn and the Samurai are hidden by the girl as the Esengrens burst in. She dares the pursuers to do their worst and is threatened with torture.

This will enable you to go on with the final installment, published this week. If you want to read the first part in full order a copy of Ledger No. 8, dated February 23. It may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail direct from office of publication.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE CAT'S-PAW OF THE GAME.

THE two men standing close-pressed to the partition in the abysmal dark, listened with ears strained, and presently they heard the cry of a woman, an inarticulate scream cut off, it seemed to them, by a heavy hand upon her throat. At the sound perspiration broke from their foreheads in tiny cold globules of moisture. The Ensign dug his nails deep into the palms of his hands.

A long, anxious moment of ominous silence, and then the cry was repeated, only lower, weaker and more muffled, and, at that, Blinn fidgeted.

"I'm going out," he said, in a bitter, matter-of-fact tone.

"That's just why he's torturing her, to make you show," Gault objected in a whisper, but the Ensign only shrugged his shoulders, at which the other ended: "Then I'm with you, too. Have you a gun?"

"No," said the officer. "And you're not coming with me, either. You're not expected, you understand. And in the second place, I think I will prove enough single-handed for our friends."

"Then take my gun, old man," the Sumarai assented. "It's only a chemical shooter and can't kill, but you may need it. I'll follow you if the rumpus doesn't sound nice."

"Thanks," said Blinn, and, gun in hand, he rolled into the chest and Gault closed its rear wall after him. In the moment that he lay in the chest, the Ensign heard once more a muffled scream from the senorita, and then the Esengren spoke for the first time.

"Now will you tell?" he said.

Blinn waited for no more, but, spurred to a just fury at the words, lifted his head and the cover and bobbed out of the chest like a jack-in-the-box.

Across the room the flush-faced girl stood, back to the wall, with the Esengren holding one long-fingered white hand over her mouth to prevent her crying out. But for that she would have warned the men not to come, as she was in no danger; but there was a trap laid for them and treachery was afoot.

The senorita had been subjected to no torture, but, fearing that if she kept silent the men in the dark room would think she was, she had attempted on three occasions to tell them she was not being harmed and every time the young Esengren had muffled her cries with his hand.

This was carrying his plans out to a desire. Wily fellow that he was, he well realized just how those muffled screams would sound, and he knew that if his man was within earshot, as he believed, those cries betokening pain would play on his manhood, his chivalry, and drive him from cover to aid the girl. He was well enough familiar with Americans to be sure of that.

Thus it was that now, as Blinn popped up in the chest and faced the Prince with contemptuous rage in his eyes, the other two Esengrens were prepared and waiting for him, and fell upon him from either side in a frantic effort to keep him from sinking back into his hiding-place.

The Ensign, dazed by the sudden burst of light, and with eyes only for the senorita and her supposed torturer, was not aware of them until in an instant they were upon him. Then, as in a flash he realized how he had been duped, saw thru the whole treacherous game, he made to break back for the place of concealment where, in the dark and from the fact that only one at a time could enter, the odds would be more in his favor.

One of the Esengrens reeled back before a well-placed blow from his left [illegible] The other dodged and grasped [illegible] right wrist in a jiujitsu hold, but Blinn, even at the chance of breaking his wrist, would have got away from him and stunned him with a discharge from the chemical gun, had not the Prince rushed up at that moment and wrested the revolver from his hand as the other held it by the wrist. Then, doubtless feeling it the only way to subdue this fighting fury, the Prince discharged the gun point-blank in the officer's face.

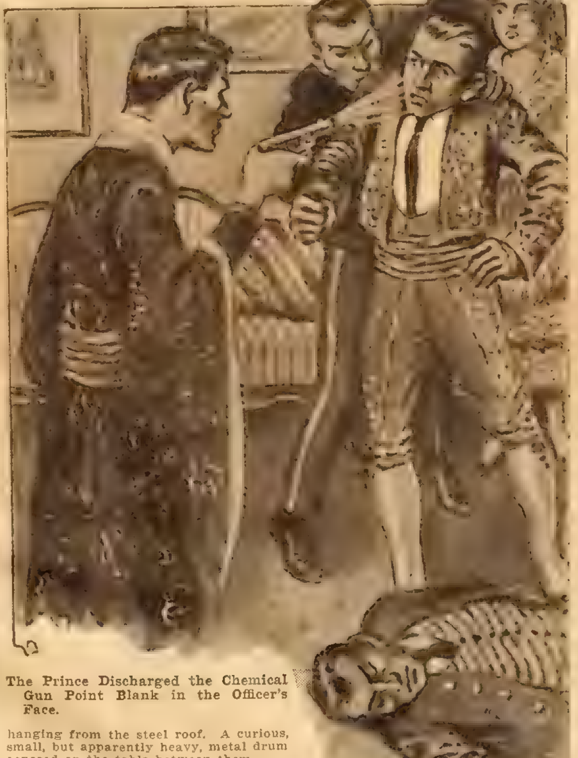
Blinn, blinded and choking from the stupefying fumes, gasped for breath, the while he struggled for another moment. Then all life oozed from him as a thick veil of blackness seemed to roll heavily down on him.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVELATIONS.

A SUBMARINE in the awash trim—that is, with its turret alone above the surface—speeded thru the oyster-carpeted waters of Chesapeake Bay at 2:30 o'clock the following morning, and making off the old South River, headed toward Annapolis at the fast clip—for a submarine—of eight knots an hour.

Without all was chill and murk, the tiny red periscope-ball and tublike turret skimming just above the oily surface. Just beneath that hermetically-sealed conning-tower, in the periscope-room, however, four men were seated about a table lighted by incandescents hanging from the steel roof. A curious, small, but apparently heavy, metal drum reposed on the table between them



The Prince Discharged the Chemical Gun Point Blank in the Officer's Face.

Aft near the dead "petrol" engines in the motor-room, and manipulating the now laboring electric machinery, was the crew, each one a tanned Esengren, clad as are all crews of submarines, in dungarees and oil-begrimed shirts.

Of the four men in the periscope-chamber, amidships, two were of the Spanish race, the other couple unmistakably Esengrens, and all were of distinguished appearance. The white men were of the swarthy cast, one being so dark as to evidence Indian blood as well as Spanish.

This man was of great height and proportions, with an imperious high nose, penetrating small eyes, a long grizzled beard. His enormous head was crowned by a mane of white hair. He looked the veteran of wars and the leader of men.

His compatriot in race was of the diplomatic type—small, dapper, suave, with features small and delicate and an insipid black mustache.

The elder of the two Esengrens, tho aristocratic of feature and bearing, was noticeably distinguishable on account of a well-kept Vandyke beard, so much affected by the educated of his race. He was small, bland and very courteous.

The other was about thirty-odd years old and looked by far the youngest man of the group. His oval face and uncommonly high brow betokened him a rare and intellectual specimen of the high-born Esengren, and even the flamboyant purple and green Shogun's costume, which he wore over disarrayed dress suit and far from immaculate linen, could not detract from his commanding appearance.

With open watch in hand, he now arose and faced the others at the head of the periscope table.

"It is now 2:30," he said and snapped the case shut.

"Gentlemen," he went on in a matter-of-fact tone, which yet was perfectly clear above the hum of the engines in the motor-room and the dull buzz of the electric ventilator fan that served to clarify the atmosphere, "I shall speak English, as neither Don Pedar de Barros de Carballo nor Senor Rodriguez y Nevares understands my language or Baron Wermehden yours. We need have no fear of eavesdroppers, the crew not comprehending and that other man being unconscious and out of hearing."

The others nodded their perception of his reasons, as he paused.

"First of all I think an explanation is due you for all this—the mystery which has cloaked our actions for the past week, this nocturnal meeting in a submerged submarine."

He leaned upon the table and looked impressively at the faces of his small audience.

"Six months ago, as you are all aware, Esengren began negotiating for the secret treaty with Ecuador we shall sign tonight. Three months gone, when negotiations were all but completed, our agents were compelled to leave Quito on account of the aroused interest of the O'Hare sympathizers and the revolution impending."

The huge, white-haired veteran interrupted with a murmured oath and a click of his heavy jaws. Then, with an apologetic gesture, he motioned the young Esengren to excuse him and proceed.

"Washington was then decided upon as the logical place at which to sign the treaty, in so far as there were Ecuadorian and Esengren ambassadors here and, being so large, both President Don de Carballo and myself could come here in disguise." As he spoke, he bowed first to the insipid-mustached personage, then to the Esengren with the black Vandyke, and lastly to the massive warrior president. "And so here we are, tonight," he ended.

"But two weeks ago," he pursued, "the Secret Service of the United States Government became aware of our plans. To sign such a treaty as ours they deemed contrary to the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, altho the United States and Esengren are the firmest of friends. So one of their first moves was to break in the dead of night into the Esengren Embassy and search it thoroly for the treaty from cellar to garret. Then the Ambassador himself was waylaid by pseudo-highwaymen and searched."

The Esengren with the black Vandyke was nodding vigorously in assent.

"All was in vain," the young Esengren went on. "But the Secret Service, desperate at its non-success, last night by a stroke of genius became possessed of the document. Luckily enough, however, we won it back ere they could complete their purpose by destroying it.

"Now you can see why we are foregathered in this submarine beneath the surface of Chesapeake Bay, for were we to meet in a legation or any building in Washington, the Secret Service, who know our plans, would circumvent them. As it is, here beneath the top of the bay, incased in a sealed steel shell, no power on earth—nothing—can stop us from signing the treaty and completing our purpose!"

And, his voice ringing triumphantly in the small steel chamber, Prince Hulsted-Liverngren drew from beneath his Shogun costume a folded document written on parchment, and with a flourish spread it out on the periscope table before him.

CHAPTER IX.

A REVOLUTIONIZING INVENTION.

THE Prince's hand left the treaty, and with a display of unsuspected strength, he lifted up the small metal drum.

"Here," he said, still in that triumphant tone, "is the invention of the century. If Esengren should choose to tell the rest of the world the secret of it, the whole world would be revolutionized; electric operation would be changed, altered, completely reversed; ships, trains, all manner of machinery would be run by wireless power. But Esengren has a greater, far greater purpose, which I will attempt to explain, and the first move of which is this very treaty before us."

The attention of his hearers was riveted, the Esengren Ambassador unconsciously nodding agreement to his words, the other two staring fixedly at the drum in his hands. This he now replaced upon the table, as he proceeded more calmly:

"Six years ago, while I was, thru the courtesy of the United States Government, a student at the Annapolis Naval Academy, I witnessed experiments which proved that a torpedo could be directed on its course and even given power of locomotion by the use of Marconi wireless waves transmitted thru the water. The invention, tho practical on a small scale only—five miles was the scope, I believe—at the same time set me to thinking and, after six years of study and work and experimenting, this is the result."

He tapped the metal drum.

"This is known as the Liverngren Wireless Vibrator. It catches the Hertzian waves sent from a station miles away. On its delicate drum, it increases the volume of those vibrations a hundred per cent and transforms them into a working energy to propel the electric motors. And, of course, this generates electric power for any use you may care to put it to. In most respects, this inven-

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tion is like the Marconi coherer, only it is far more sensitive and powerful.

"Now Esengren at the present time is building fifty submarines of an entirely new type of construction. They are to be over two hundred feet in length, larger than any submarine afloat, and will not burn 'petrol' for running on the surface, or carry electric storage batteries for submerged propulsion. For their motors shall secure power thru this wonderful Liverngren Wireless Vibrator from powerful wireless stations situated thruout the world.

"The idea is this: We purpose, with our new fleet of fifty submarines, having some of these ships in every ocean in the world. This will make Esengren a world power, like Britain and the United States. There is only one drawback to this plan and that is the fact that we can catch these wireless waves on the vibrator only within a thousand miles of the station that transmits them. So we must have stations for our aerials and extraordinarily powerful electric generators at a distance of one thousand miles thruout the Seven Seas of the globe.

"To secure the Galapagos Islands as a Southern Pacific Coast wireless station is the purpose of this secret treaty between Ecuador and Esengren, and in order to obtain them for that purpose, Esengren binds itself to Ecuador, which at present owns the islands, in the following terms, which on account of the Monroe Doctrine, are to be secret from the world."

The Prince picked up the parchment and, translating into English, read:

"'Secret Treaty of the Galapagos.

"'The Republic of Ecuador hereby cedes and sells to the Imperial Empire of Esengren the group of islands known as the Galapagos Islands, situated in the Pacific Ocean off the Coast of South America, on the Equator, 90 degrees West Longitude, and consisting of the following islands, to-wit: Albermarle, Narborough, James, Indefatigable, Seymour, Bindloe, Gardner, Hood, Watson, Charles, Jervis, Duncan, Barrington, Brattle, Abingdon, Tower and Chatham Islands.

"'For the everlasting proprietorship over the above-named islands, which she shall use as coaling stations, wireless plants, or a naval base, or any other purpose she may see fit, the Imperial Empire of Esengren does hereby agree to pay to the representative of the Republic of Ecuador, who in this case shall be the President, the sum of thirty millions of Sucre ($18,480,000), or the equivalent thereof; and furthermore does hereby agree to supply him with necessary munitions of war sufficient to equip his army and whatever other monies he may require to quell the revolutionary forces of General Patricio O'Hare.'"

The throb of the motors had been growing gentler for the past little while, the hum less insistent and noisy, and now they suddenly stopped and all was still. At which, the Prince pulled out his watch and, opening it, said:

"Three o'clock, gentlemen; which reminds me of the fact that I forgot to tell you of an experiment we are going to try tonight."

He snapped the case shut and rang for the lieutenant of the crew to appear.

"Attach this to the motor, Lieutenant," he said in Esengren, when the officer came in, indicating the metal drum. "Let the periscope-rod act as the aerial. And be sure to cut the wires that now feed the motors from the wet cell batteries."

The officer saluted and shortly afterward, from the motor-room in the after portion of the steel sardine, came the click of copper being cut, as he severed the old feed wires and attached the vibrator.

"Gentlemen," said the Prince, "within a few minutes you will be given a demonstration of the marvelous Liverngren Wireless Vibrator at work. Thirty miles away in Alexandria, just across the Potomac from Washington, a fellow countryman of mine will flash at 3:15 o'clock Hertzian waves from a station improvised just for this purpose. This submarine put in here in all secrecy expressly for this experiment.

"Now, to be sure, it is a submarine of the old type. Everything in the new type will be different. The only feature in this that will be retained in the new craft is that valve wheel over there by the door. The 'sea-cock,' it is called, a valve which, opened, will admit sufficient water into the submarine to flood and sink it to the bottom in two minutes. While a highly dangerous device, our only purpose in keeping it is that in the case a submarine is likely to be captured, the 'certain death' parties who will man it will instantly sink themselves to prevent the discovery of Esengren's secret, the Liverngren Wireless Vibrator!"

With that grim note still echoing thru the small steel chamber, the Prince picked up the parchment and reverted to the subject of the secret treaty.

"Now that we fully understand each other," he said, "I think, in the interim of waiting for the demonstration, it would expedite matters if we were to sign the secret treaty for our respective countries. President Don Pedar de Barros de Carballo and Ambassador Senor Rodriguez y Nevares for the Republic of Ecuador, and I, Prince Hulsted-Liverngren, with full power for the imperial empire of Esengren. Sign here, please."

And the young Esengren, as he extended the parchment to the massive, white-haired President of Ecuador, indicated the bottom of the sheet with his index finger.

Suddenly the door of the periscope-room opened, and a tall young man in the disarrayed costume of a toreador stood framed in the doorway behind the South American warrior.

"No," said Ensign Michael Blinn, in a tired tone of voice. His face was extremely pale and drawn. "You shall not sign that treaty. I have heard all. Let me trouble you, gentlemen, to hand the document to me!"

CHAPTER X.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY

THE three men seated about the periscope table leaped to their feet, while the Prince gazed at Blinn as tho at an apparition. A momentary hush and then the Prince laughed derisively.

"It is only the American from whom we took the document, gentlemen," he said, reassuringly. He returned to the Ensign. "Are you mad?", he queried. "Or has the opium we drugged you with driven you out of your head, that here, surrounded by the crew and ourselves, you should——"

"I know," said Blinn, still listlessly. "But the odds against me do not matter. I must have that treaty before it is signed."

"Porvida!" gasped the huge white-haired President, exasperated. "This is lunacy! How can you prevent us? Here, where is the pen?"

And he prepared to sign, the while the Prince encouraged him with: "Yes, sign. I will call the crew to handle this madman."

"All right," came in the same tired tone from the Ensign. "Sign and I will sink you all. You see, I listened to good purpose. I have my foot on the sea-cock."

At that the grip of fear closed about those four men in the periscope-room and they muttered the obvious curses. The Prince flashed a revolver.

"I advise you not to shoot," said Blinn, calmly. "You'll shatter your own eardrums. Besides, why fill the precious atmosphere with powder fumes? I have already pressed the cock, you see. We are now in ten feet submergence."

They had no need to look at the indicator, as no longer thru the lunettes could they see yellow-green water overhead; everything showed black. Even the periscope-ball, fifteen feet above the deck of the submarine, was sinking below the surface. Then upon them the lights went out, as water flooded in on the engines below that still remained attached to the batteries, and simultaneously chattering Esengren cries broke the stillness.

"Give me the treaty!" Blinn demanded.

His answer was the crumpling of paper in the darkness, as the Prince pressed it into a ball in his clinched hand. Then sounded in the tense dark the clang of a closing door.

"Very well," came from Blinn, in that strangely calm voice; perhaps it was utter desperation that lent him this coolness. "Now I have closed and locked the door of the periscope-chamber behind me. It is air and water-tight. You cannot get out. The crew cannot get in. They will shoot themselves to the surface out of the torpedo-tube, unless the chlorine gas proves too much for them. But you will remain here until you hand me that paper—if the atmosphere holds till then. Then I will let you out."

Silence held in the sealed periscope-room after that, while the men thought their situation over, and this only the more accentuated the babel outside. Here men were splashing about in the rising water, vainly working the hand-pumps, and white rats were squealing out of the blackness at the foul gases, for which purpose they are put upon all submarines as a warning to the crews when the deadly "battery" or chlorine gas is generated by the admixture of salt water with the sulphuric acid and lead in the wet cell batteries. Then a thump as the submarine struck bottom, and at that Blinn closed the sea-cocks.

Their efforts at the pumps proving useless, the crew, feeling something had gone wrong in the periscope-chamber, began hurling themselves against the steel door in a vain effort to rescue the Prince. They ceased at last, at a command in Esengren from their Lieutenant, and next were heard below, splashing thru the water toward the torpedo-tube in the very nose of the submarine. Some minutes later a low voice was heard speaking in Esengren from the tank-room speaking tube.

"It is the Lieutenant," the Prince's voice came from the darkness. "He says all the men have gone, at his order. He is being suffocated by the chlorine gas. It is impossible for him, the last man, to shoot himself from the tube, you know. He has destroyed the vibrator."

"Let us get out of here or we're all dead men!" gasped the Ecuadorian ambassador, losing his courage at that.

"Yes; give him the treaty to let us out," echoed the white-haired President.

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There was a movement in the dark, a short whispered consultation, and then the Prince spoke from the darkness near the Ensign.

"The treaty is yours," he said, "if you will give us your word of honor to be the last man out of the submarine."

"That was my understanding from the very beginning," returned Blinn, grimly. He realized the purpose behind the Prince's words, for he well knew that the last man in the submarine could not get out. "I promise," he ended.

He felt the thick paper thrust into his hands.

"Here is the treaty, then," said the Prince, from close at hand. "But I may as well tell you that tho you've won now and put the Galapagos Islands out of the question, the secret of the vibrator is still preserved. Now let us out."

"Bueno!" breathed the Ecuadorian President. "Good!"

Altho he realized the hypocrisy behind all these words, Blinn at once opened the door and led them thru the water forward. They had the appearance of being completely cowed, but if they retained a spark of fight the smothering fumes of the "battery" gas quickly extinguished it.

Beneath the torpedo-tube in the extreme bow of the submarine they came upon the senseless figure of the Lieutenant. At once the Ensign acted upon the theory which was proved by an intrepid midshipman of the United States Navy when, a few years ago, he allowed himself as an experiment to be shot from the torpedo-tube of a submarine and came up conscious out of the depth of water; and this is now a part of the regular drill on the submarines of every sea power in the world.

So the Ensign, without a word, shoved the limp figure into the tube, slammed the breech door to, and, opening the forward door, applied the compressed air. The unconscious form shot out into the water.

President Don Pedar de Barros de Carballo was next, and as he left the tube the boat rose at the nose. The rest, half dead from the fumes, quickly followed, the Ensign working the levers for all of them. As the Prince took his place in the tube he smiled maliciously at the officer.

"This is my revenge," he said. "Who is there to release you from this death ship? You see, your knowledge will do Washington no good, dead men tell no tales, the saying has it. Treat the rats well, my friend." And he laughed as the compressed air shot him out into the waters of the bay.

Blinn was left alone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INSPIRATION OF NECESSITY.

THE Ensign had known all along that he would be the last man in the submarine, but now that the situation was upon him, he did not realize the full import of it. The fumes of the chlorine or "battery" gas had got the better of him, and he was somewhat light-headed.

He stood at the tube gazing at nothing. This finally resolved itself into a large white rat. Stronger and larger than the rest of its species, the rat was the last to survive the deadly effects of the gas. It was running up and down on the ledge just under the levers that operated the torpedo-tube and banging blindly against the steel side in a vain endeavor to get out.

The sight brought a sudden rational idea to Blinn as, with a queer ringing laugh, he made over to the flasks of compressed air and let free the cool welcome air that remained in them. For the moment this served to clear the charged atmosphere, and his brain worked more lucidly.

Horror of his fate then gripped him as he fully understood his position. But ere the atmosphere could become laden with enough gas to cause him to grow light-headed again, a sudden inspiration impinged on his brain.

He worked rapidly for the following few minutes. He splashed thru the water to a locker, searched it in vain, then tore open the next, and so, at last, found the hank of spun yarn he desired.

This he knotted about the lever which opened the forward door and admitted water into the tube. The other end he attached to the lever which operated the compressed-air valve. Now, by a slight pull on the connecting string, both levers, working with hairlike ease and smoothness, would fall forward, the front door of the tube would open, admitting the water, and the compressed air would rush in, discharging the water and anything which might be in the tube into the bay outside. It was the plan of an old-fashioned engine

Capturing the rat at the expense of his hands, which the crazed rodent bit and scratched, he tied a second length of the stout string to the center of the yarn connecting the two levers, and harnessed the creature about the neck to the other end. But he no sooner put the rat down upon the ledge beneath the levers, than it broke toward the wall, thereby throwing the levers forward, operating the tube and straining the twine to the breaking point

He waited a moment till the compressed air had shot all the water out of the tube, the while the rodent was racing up and down on the ledge, pulling the string taut. But finding at last that it could not rid itself of the harness, the rat's struggles abated somewhat and were confined mostly to battering blindly against the steel side of the ship, all of which had little effect on the string, as the Ensign had allowed enough length for the white creature's mad antics.

Then, throwing back the levers which closed the forward door and shut off the powerful current of compressed air, Blinn opened the water-tight breech door, crawled hastily into the tube, kicked the breech door to with his right foot, as he lay outstretched, and waited. Instants dragged like infinite eons of time, and he was beginning to fear that the harness at last had broken or the rat had weakened from the effects of the stifling gas, when, of a sudden, he heard the levers fall, the foredoor with an audible click open, the compressed air in a propelling volley rush into the tube and up against the water surging in, and he shot giddily out and up thru the deeps of the bay.

CHAPTER XII.

AND BLINN REGRETTED.

WHEN Ensign Blinn returned to consciousness, he sensed a sweeping swinging motion beneath his body, as tho he were lying in a moving automobile. A minute of lazy dullness clarified into lucidity. Then he realized that he was lying on cushions in the bottom of a chugging motorboat.

A woman was seated at his right hand. She was a beautiful, slim, blue-eyed girl. Blinn's eyes lighted unconsciously. Instantly he recognized her as the senorita, Patricia O'Hare.

He rose to his elbow. He made out Gaillard Gault forward at the engines

"Where are the others?" he asked. "The Esengrens and the Ecuadorians?"

"All rescued and on their way to Washington in our automobile," Gault turned to reply. "We followed you, you understand. But we had almost given you up for lost. I had, I know. But Patsy here wouldn't leave."

Blinn thanked her with an eloquent look.

"But say," Gault broke in, "who has the secret treaty? We searched all of them for it."

"I have that," returned the Ensign, simply.

"Good! Then you're in the Secret Service, too?"

Blinn shook his head.

"No," he said. "I'm an ensign in the Navy, attached as aid to Rear Admiral Rutgers. But we're all for the United States," he hastened to add. "You and Senorita O'Hare in the Secret Service, and I——"

Gault interposed with a laugh.

"Why, don't you know," he questioned doubtfully, "that Senorita Patsy here is the daughter of that Irish fire-eater, General Patricio O'Hare, former President of Ecuador? O'Hare is attempting by revolution to regain the presidency. Patsy is aiding her padre at this end by defeating the secret treaty between the Esengren and the present President. You know—that big white-haired scoundrel, Don Pedar de Barros de Carballo. He was going to pocket all the purchase money, unknown to his people, the Ecuadorians.

"Why I'm in on this at all is because the idea of such a treaty is contrary to the laws of the Monroe Doctrine. The Secret Service wanted to make sure of the facts before the United States took the matter up in a friendly, diplomatic way with the imperial government of Esengren. But, say," he ended. "That's a good one. You didn't know exactly what or whom you were fighting for."

He laughed merrily.

"By the way," he said, quite suddenly, "you have the honor of being the last one to be introduced to Patsy as the Senorita O'Hare. I'll explain. I got tired of waiting for you to bob out of the water, but Patsy wouldn't leave. So I ups and tells her exactly how much I love her. I never got better repaid for a wait. She has just consented to become Mrs. Gaillard Gault, and we're to be married as soon as we get ashore."

Ensign Michael Blinn shook hands warmly with the Secret Service agent.

"You've won!" he rather boldly announced. And he forced a smile. "While I was harnessing that rat, you were making love. Well, all's fair in love and war, they say. But just the same, I wish you had waited and given me a chance!"

Gault looked into the Ensign's eyes for a long time. All that time his hand pressed Blinn's steadily, warmly.

"I never dreamt it, Blinn," he said slowly. "But say, old man, I have still got something for you. Will you act as our best man?"

Blinn beamed mischievously at the pretty blushing Spanish-American girl.

"Surest thing you know!" he smiled

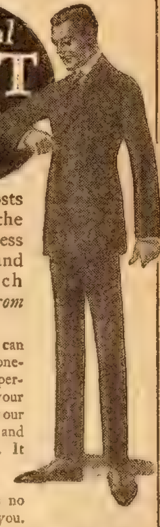
The End.

* * *

An Excellent Reason.

Doris—"Why did Harry raise a mustache before he proposed to Betty?"

Yvenne—"Oh, he wanted to keep a stiff upper lip if she turned him down."



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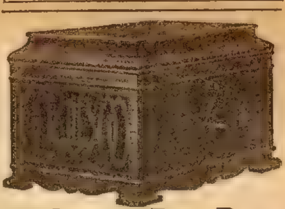

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What Women Are Doing in the War

"Ten Commandments" for Womanhood

IN THESE days of war, when conditions have so materially changed, the part that woman plays is bigger than ever. The president of the Connecticut Congress of Mothers has taken serious thought on the matter, and as a result, from the bottom of her heart, she wrote out ten "Commandments." The State Council of Defense believed them worthy of widespread publicity and issues them as follows:

Thou shalt not waste time, for idleness is a shame and sloth a mockery; and lo! the day cometh when thy men shall be called from the harvest and their workshops stand empty and silent.

Thou shalt not waste substance, for once, thrice and ten times shall the country call upon thine household for gold, and woe betide the land if at the last thy purses be found bare.

Thou shalt not waste bread, for every fragment that falls idly from thy board is withheld from the mouths of thine Allies' children and the kits of thy sons and brothers in the trenches.

Thou shalt not bedeck thyselves lavishly, for the silk upon thy back and thy jewel upon thy breast are symbols of dishonor in the hour of earth's agony and thy nation's peril.

Thou shalt not be vain and self-seeking, for the forward and jealous heart judgeth itself in the sight of the Lord; and in the time of world travail who shall say to her sister, "I did it and thou didst it not?"

Hearten thy men and weep not, for a strong woman begetteth a strong man, and the blasts of adversity blow hard and swift across the world.

Bind up the wounds of thy men and soften their pain, for thy presence by the light of their campfires is sweet and grateful, and the touch of thy hand deft in the hour of need.

Keep thou the faith of thy mothers, for in the years of thy country's sacrifice for independence and union they served valiantly and quailed not.

Keep thou thy family fruitful and holy, for upon it the Lord shall rebuild His broken people.

Serve thou the Lord thy God with diligence, for His houses of worship shall not be empty nor His altars unvisited, in the years of His mighty chastening.

A Children's Dispensary.

The following word has been received from the Paris Red Cross headquarters.

"A report from Evian announces the opening of a children's dispensary in the garage of the old Hotel Chatelet, now the American Children's Hospital. The Evian hospital was opened ten days previously with seventy beds, and is overcrowded with diphtheria, measles, scarlet-fever and whooping cough cases. The American doctors twice a day examine an average of 250 children arriving from behind the German lines. The contagious cases are sent to the American Hospital. An American dentist has opened a dental dispensary in an old kitchen with a dental chair improvised from a wine barrel. Among the first dispensary patients was an underfed boy from Lens. His family of seven had been living for two and a half years in the cellar under their totally wrecked house, which was valued at 100,000 francs. The family was forced to evacuate last April to Luxemburg, where they lived seven in a room, sleeping on straw. In the first week of the American dispensary at Evian more than 2,400 children were examined, more than 1,900 of them being between 3 and 13 years of age."

Women Lose and Gain in France.

THERE are 200,000 French women working in munitions. At the beginning of 1916, 14 per cent of the workers in munitions were women, but by October of the same year the number had increased to 22 per cent. There is no restriction on the hours they may work and they work to their utmost. The women engaged in needle trades have been granted a half-holiday every week with full pay, a measure which affects over 600,000 working women. This follows the minimum wage law for women passed July 15, 1915, and it is the second measure to be adopted favoring working women since the declaration of war.

Here They Treat French Refugees

AS THE French troops reclaim captured towns from the Germans, hundreds of refugees gladly return to the protection of their native land. Many of them are in pitiful condition. For their benefit American women have established a dispensary at Grecourt, where medical attention is given those who need it. The dispensary has proved a God-send to many people.

Knits for Soldiers in Four Wars

MRS. MARY CONDIT was only a young woman when the United States was at war with Mexico, but she knitted socks for the soldiers then. Along came the Civil War and she knitted again. Many years later the United States took a whirl at Spain and Mrs. Condit called her needles into play again. Now at 94 she is knitting once more, socks, mufflers, helmets and sweaters. It is doubtful if there are many women in the country who can boast the same record.

To Knit Two Socks at Same Time

HAVE you been knitting for the Red Cross? If you are enthusiastic and are trying to do as much as you can, wouldn't you like to be able to knit two socks at once? Well, here are the directions as issued by the Red Cross:

The purling for the top of the socks is knit separately. When one is finished take it off with a darning needle on to a heavy cord, and with the knitting needle take up from first one and then the other, alternating, beginning with the first stitch from the needle and ending with the last stitch from the one on the cord. Hold sock toward you, purling the first stitch which is from the sock that was on the needle, and knitting the second stitch from the one that was on the cord, proceed with the second stitch from the one that was on the cord, proceed with first purl and then knit, holding the thread over the first finger for purling and the second finger for knitting, and soon you will acquire a rhythm.

When you get to the heel, take off as in any sock. As you turn your heel always purl the one next to you and knit the other. To narrow take first and third stitch, purl them and slip the needle out, which leaves one stitch from the opposite sock, which slip on to your needle and narrow knitting. There is no slip and bind in this sock. When finished slip the needles out and take up your separate socks and bind off. In purling never put your thread over—always keep it toward you as if you are purling back on your heel.

In case there is a right and wrong side to the tops, place the two right sides together.

IN SYDNEY, Australia, they were knitting 50,000 pairs of socks a month for the British Relief, and some lady, who is not publicly known, worked out the double knitting, and the authorities required of each knitter to learn to knit the two socks; and in the second month they produced 76,000 pairs. A Miss Brown came to this country to teach the women and gave the proceeds to the Red Cross. Miss Brown says that after knitting a few pairs you can become as proficient as in knitting the single sock. In Australia at first two colors of yarn were used, but the advantage of having both socks exactly alike soon resulted in only one color being used.

Children to Help.

IN NO way can the children of the United States, all of whom are filled with a deep love of country, do more to help it in the present crisis and make it a safe and happy place for the future than by getting out in the back yards of their homes or on nearby vacant lots and planting "war gardens," says a bulletin from the National War Garden Commission.

The following suggestions are made by the commission as to how the children in every city and town can be interested in home gardening:

1. Write to the National War Garden Commission in Washington for a copy of its food garden primer; furnished free with a stamp for postage. These will also be sent in lots to clubs free of charge.
2. Get the chamber of commerce or some other organization to offer prizes for the best gardens; business concerns will be glad to help in this way.
3. Make spring gardening a part of the school studies. The work done in planning and cultivating back yards should count as part of the school work.
4. Start a competition with prizes, if possible, between the various schools to see which can raise the best war garden, and also for the pupils producing the most food in their home gardens.
5. Arrange for "blue ribbon" exhibits at school commencement and other times.
6. Have teachers start a school garden which will be the laboratory for garden study.
7. Form boys' and girls' clubs where there can be a diversion of labor and of profit and where extra vegetables raised can be sold to the neighbors.
8. Make reports weekly or oftener to the newspapers on the progress of the work.

A Coat Tale

By Floyd T. Wood

IT WAS rather a shock to me, I'm bound to admit. But, after all, I'm not so perfect myself as to be able to sit in judgment on another man. So I just let it go—sort of trusting to fate, you know. Just the same, I think Perry had a few bad moments himself.

It all happened one night two or three days after the Tarn trial. Contrary to public expectation, but decidedly in line with public sympathy, Tarn had been cleared. Presumably the verdict was based on "the unwritten law," since that was the only line of defense his lawyers had been able to bring out. It was enough to win, anyhow. The case had been the most famous of a decade, and the unexpected verdict still kept it the choicest conversational item of the day.

On this particular night there were four of us in my rooms—Professor Warren, from the Science School; Joe Larus, from the Security National, and Walter Rohan of the Tribune. Perry Owen, my pal and roommate, had been with us all evening. We had a busy time with plans and blueprints at the office of The Eureka Development Company. This concern was a sort of godchild of our combined efforts and had first call on our spare evenings. We broke up the business session about 11 o'clock, and I proposed a bit of supper and some smokes over at the rooms. Every one agreed readily except Perry.

"I'm sorry," he explained, "but I've simply got to get away for an hour or two. It's a very important engagement—simply got to make it tonight."

His eyes had more than their usual sparkle, and I noticed his voice trembled with eagerness to be off. Even Professor Warren noticed it.

"Let him go," he said good-humoredly. "I presume if the truth were known there's a lady at the bottom of all this sudden hurry, but Perry is young yet, and we must make allowances."

With that my roommate left us and hailed a taxi on the corner.

"I'll be back before your cigars are out," he called back, as he whirled away down the street.

The four of us walked over to my rooms, only two or three blocks away. It was a very beautiful evening. None of us had an overcoat. I remember quite distinctly that Walter remarked that it wasn't often a man was safe to go out on a December evening without an overcoat. I mention this trivial matter because of what came up later.

Supper was over in due time, and the little Jap man-of-all-work cleared away the supper things and disappeared for the night. Evidently it had grown colder. We could hear the wind whistling and whining outside and tugging noisily at the windows. I put fire to the gas logs, and we were glad to gather in front of the cheerful blaze. At all of our little gatherings the Professor generally dominated the conversation. This was not altogether because the rest of the company were vacant-headed, but more because the Professor was well worth listening to, and it was all too seldom that we could get him away from his books and his home. Rather a queer man, Professor Warren—square as a brick, smart, well-read, temperate, strictly moral, and yet not narrow—in short, a real man. And yet, with all these virtues in his favor—or should I call them qualities?—I had lately heard rumors of unhappiness at home. Nothing definite, you understand; just small whispers—"They say——" or "I've heard——."

Professor Warren had married late in life. I had met the lady only once and then but briefly. My only concrete recollection of her was that she was a very beautiful woman, but much too young for my friend the Professor. Lately I hadn't exactly known whether to feel sorry for the Professor or proud of myself as a good guesser.

Perry had been quite free with hints the past few months. He went out more than I did; he was quite a gay dog, in fact, and very popular with the ladies. Naturally he got the cream of all the gossip, if such a commodity has cream.

'I believe Professor Warren is too far up in the air for that little lady of his' he had said one day, about a week before. "He can call all the stars by their first name, and dissolve all of the elements of science into their atomic subdivisions, and various other learned and wonderful mental gymnastics. But, and this is more important to a woman, he sometimes forgets to kiss his wife good by in the mornings; and he always forgets the lady's birthday and the anniversary of their wedding. Absent-minded men shouldn't have wives—at least, young and pretty ones."

But enough of history. We were listening now to the Professor, and the clear, incisive sentences that came so easily from his lips.

"Tarn was cleared," he said, "for the oldest reason in the history of civilized man—the oldest, and one of the best. At the very bottom men are much alike; they realize that the sanctity of a home rises superior to the mere black-and-white stipulations of the law. They, consciously or unconsciously, apply it personally, and the verdict is always the same—'Not guilty.'"

"You mean," I queried, "that in cases such as Tarn's a man is justified in creating himself judge, jury and executioner?"

Before the Professor had time to answer, the door opened and Perry came stamping in.

"Phew!" he whistled, and blew on his hands. "But it's a regular devil's night outside now. Never saw such a quick change in my life. I'm sure glad to get in reach of that warm fire."

He took off his coat and flung it on the rack. As he advanced to the cozy circle the clock struck—one—two.

"Great Caesar!" ejaculated the Professor. "Can it be that late? I must hurry home at once. Mrs. Warren will be worried; it's so very seldom I do go out in the evenings."

"Answer my question first," I begged. "A few minutes more or less won't make any difference after this time of night."

"All right," the Professor dropped back in his chair, "it won't take me long to answer your question. I thought out my answer to that years ago. My full, candid belief is this: A man assuming the duties of a husband and father—in other words, the head of a home—automatically becomes for that home exactly what you said in your question—judge, jury and executioner. Of course, you understand this answer applies to the peculiarly personal side of the institution of home. Within these limits it is his duty to see that nothing of evil touches any part of this home, and if by any chance such evil does creep in, it is his solemn duty to cleanse, with blood, if necessary.

"Imagine, if you will, a settler in some lonely part of the world—say the desert country of the Southwest. The man comes home late from the post-town and finds his wife and little child asleep. It is a bright moonlight night. As the man throws open the door of the one-room cabin the whole place is flooded with light. Coiled on the foot of his wife's bed is a desert snake—squirmy, loathsome, deadly as hell. Now, would it be reasonable for this man to go back to the village for the sheriff, the postmaster, the judge and the rest of the county officials to come out and help him? Is there any code of laws to cover dealings with snakes? There is not, only this one—a quick draw, a loud report, and the snake rolls headless on the cabin floor.

"That, gentlemen, is my theory, my doctrine, my code. In this city are snakes, too, but they wear trousers here, not scales. Their only parallel to my desert snake would be their fondness for ladies' bedrooms. Otherwise the desert snake has the better of the comparison. If ever I have occasion to deal personally with one of these creatures, or if any of you men do, shoot, and shoot straight. That same quality of human nature, that same basic appreciation of poetic justice that cleared Harry Tarn will clear us, too. I must hurry now and run along home. Mrs. Warren will be simply worried to death."

Outside the night wind shrieked with renewed ardor. The Professor took an overcoat from the rack and slipped it on with a little grunt of satisfaction. The three men went out together.

"Good night," Perry and I called, and shut the door quickly against the sweep of the cold. For some minutes we sat silent.

"I noticed the Professor went out with your overcoat," I remarked, after a while. "Didn't you want it, or what?"

Perry smiled, but very faintly. "No," he said slowly, "I didn't want it, and I'm quite sure I never will. It's his, you know; I only borrowed it to get home!"

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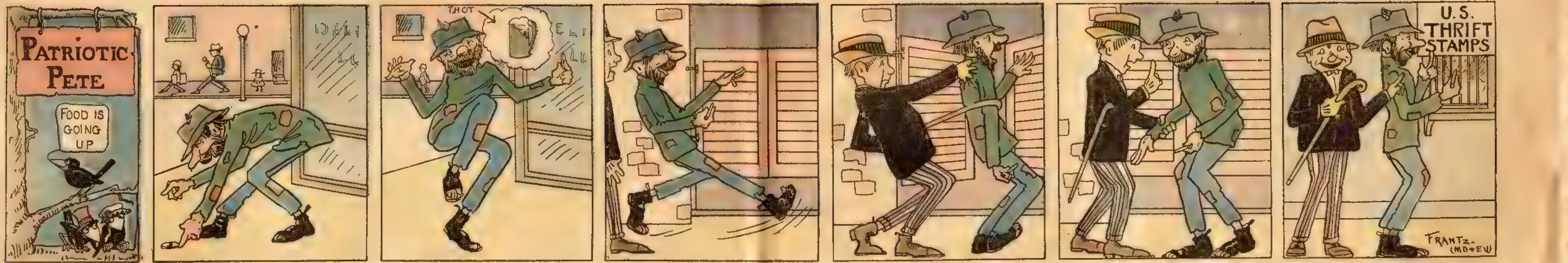


THE HOBO'S BIT —

A hungry tramp some coin does spy
Right in the street, with no one by.
With many a chuckle and chortle gay
He takes that money right away.

Then in the street a merry dance
He now performs, with many a prance,
While a vision floats before his eye
Of what that handy cash will buy.

Now to a nearby door he runs,
Thinking here to spend his funds.
Patriotic Pete then comes in sight
And stops the tramp with all his might

For as the hobo starts right in
Pete grabs his neck with a firm fin.
The tramp jerks back, with such a whiz,
He gasps and groans, "Oh, my, what is?"

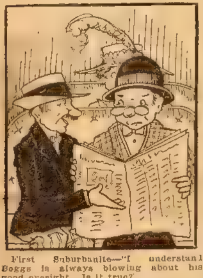
Then Peter to the tramp does tell
How money serves the U. S. well.
The hobo listens, with eager eye,
And says, "By cracky, I'll help or die!"

And now we see our tramp once more
Beaming as gladly as before,
Buying two thrift stamps with the cash
That would have gone for booze and hash

LEARN TO SAY "NO."

Learn to say "No," young fellow,
Learn to say "No"—and then
You won't in the cold gray morning
Be saying: "Never again!"

❦



First Suburbanite—"I understand Boggs is always blowing about his good eyesight. Is it true?"

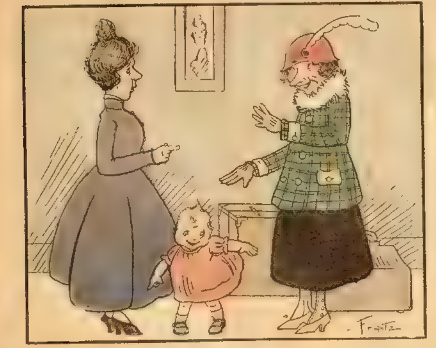
Second Suburbanite—"I should say so. Why, he can read a paper over a man's shoulder two seats away from him."

❦

Tried to Be In Time.

Miss Vere—"Why, Desmond, did you go to the dining-room before you greeted the hostess?"

Mr. Desmond—"Well, the hostess will keep, but the refreshments seemed to be getting away."



Lady—"I discharged my last maid because she was too friendly with the policeman."

Prospective Maid—"You won't find me friendly with 'em, mum. I was brought up to hate 'em. My dear old dad was a burglar, mum."

His Trophies.

The exile had saved a bit of money, and came back to his native land for a holiday. There he met an old schoolfellow, and started to tell him of his success as an athlete.

"Just before I came back," he mentioned modestly, "I won a gold medal for a hundred yards' sprint."

"Good for you!" said his old friend.

"I've got some trophies, too. I've gold medals for the half mile, the mile and the five-mile races; five silver cups for swimming, a marble clock and some more cups for cycling, and two or three belts for boxing and wrestling."

His old friend stared at him in amazement. "Shure," he gasped, "it's the champion athlete you are intoirely."

"Not at all!" was the grinning reply. "Not at all, me bhoy! I keep a pawnbroker's shop."

❦

His Resourcefulness.

Stern was the glance which the coroner cast at the quack doctor who had just appeared in the witness box.

"And when you were called in," he asked, "what did you give the deceased?"

"Give him? Well, I gave him ipecacuanha."

"Indeed!" sneered the coroner. "And I suppose you know, sir, that in the man's condition you might just as well have given him the aurora borealis?"

"Quite so—quite so, sir!" said the witness, blandly. "It is a pleasure to meet a man of medical education. That is exactly what I should have given him if he had not died!"

❦

To Live It Down.

Patience—"I see your brother is wearing a high silk hat."

Patrice—"It is pretty high."

"Yes; it makes him look ridiculous."

"Well, it may not always be so high. He's lived down worse things than that."

Undeserved Rebuke.

The manager of the big department store stood stock still outside the little box-like chamber which held the telephone of the establishment, for he was a very startled manager indeed. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer, speaking, and this is a scrap of the conversation the startled man overheard.

"I love you, dear, and only you. I'm weeping my heart away. Yes, my darling, speak to me once more. I love you, dear, I love you so."

The young woman rang off and stepped out of the cabinet, to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixed where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business and not for lovemaking in office hours. I am surprised at you. Don't let it occur again."

The young woman froze him with a glance.

"I was ordering some new songs for No. 3 Department," she explained, icily.

❦

A Cold Reception.

Germany's miserable apology to the Argentine government led a Senator to say:

"That apology ought to be received as the Atlanta woman received her apologizing husband.

"An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm.

"'Darling,' he said to his wife, 'look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world.'

"She came forward with a shrug.

"'Humph. What is it?' she asked. 'A box of stogies?'"

❦

Treasure Trove.

For some reason the Sunday school class had become interested in Methuselah. At their urgent request the teacher related all the authentic information recorded in the Bible about that amazing man, also various anecdotes gleaned from less reliable sources. In conclusion she said:

"Now, is that all? Are there any further questions you would like to ask about Methuselah?"

"I'd like to know," said the most interested youngster of the lot, "where all his birthday presents are buried."

❦

The Two Faults.

A gentleman once bought a horse from a country dealer. The bargain concluded and the money paid, the gentleman said:

"Now, my friend, I have bought your horse, what are his faults?"

"I know of no faults that he has except two," replied the man, "and one is that he is hard to catch."

"Oh, never mind that," said the buyer, "I will contrive to catch him at any time, I will engage; but what is the other?"

"Ah, sir, that is the worst," answered the fellow, "he is good for nothing when you have caught him."

❦

Girlish Doubts.

"That young politician is paying you marked attention, girlie."

"Uh, yes. Another problem added to our girlish troubles."

"What?"

"Is he after me or my vote?"

❦

Always a Way.

"No pretty girl ever sits by me on a car," complained the man who fancies himself slighted.

"Show some enterprise," advised the hustler. "Sit down by them."

Narrowing It Down.

The constable gazed long and thoughtfully at the hole in Mrs. Parkington's parlor window. Then he produced a notebook.

"You 'eard the crash at 4 o'clock?"

"Four o'clock," echoed the lady.

"You run to the door but seed nobody?"

"Nobody."

After this question Sherlock could think of no more, so he shut up his book with a snap and walked off dreaming of promotion.

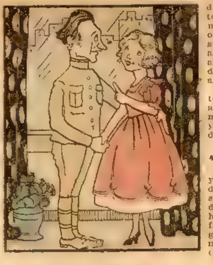
A few minutes later he was back with a full face smile that was eloquent of triumph.

"Jobs like this 'ere don't take a smart chap long," he remarked. "You're sure it happened at 4 o'clock, ma'am?"

"Yes; have you caught the culprits?"

"Well, not yet, ma'am," he answered, "but I'm narrowin it down, all right. It wasn't Bill 'Iggins, cos' 'e was killed by a motor car at 'arf past 3."

❦



Girl (to rookie)—"Listen, Tom; I will marry you before your regiment leaves, only promise me that you will win a captain's commission first."

❦

The Telltale Tickets.

When Slapdash Jones went home for the holidays the first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned a pawnbroker's ticket he had inadvertently omitted to remove.

"Halloa! Ha, ha!" cried Slapdash. "They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smiths' dance, when I left it in the cloakroom. Ha, what!"

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. Unluckily, they, too, bore a ticket.

"Why, Slapdash, dear," she exclaimed, "you surely didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too?"

❦

DON'T START ANYTHING.

A lovely young man from Peru
Found quite a large mouse in his stew
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the others will call for one, too."

■

Where She Gets 'Em.

First Saleslady—"Grace seems to be full of ideas."

Second Saleslady—"Well, you know she works at the notion counter."

Not So Bad.

"Poor devil. He has a wife and seven children and his salary is only $12 a week."

"I refuse to sympathize with him until I hear more details."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I know a married man with a wife and several children who gets only $18 a week, but his wife earns $[illegible]0."

❦

Addition.

School Ma'am—"Adding two different things together doesn't make more of one. For instance, if you add an apple to an orange you don't get more apple."

Bobby—"But, teacher, if you add a piece of meat to a dog you get more dog."

❦

A Good Match.

"Young Millyuns has been drinking himself almost to death, and now he's got his family wild by going off and marrying a circus girl."

"I know her, and the boy knows what he's about. She's a snake charmer."

❦

Mixed Up.

"Your actor friend got rather mixed when he complained of his treatment by the critics."

"How was that?"

"He said he got a raw deal and that it was all cooked up."

❦

The Reason.

Jewelers do not as a class take kindly to baseball, do they?"

"What has their trade got to do with it?"

"Don't they make it a trade rule always to cut the diamond?"

And, Speaking of Flats—

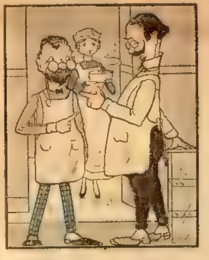
As we already have had occasion to do several times this winter—speaking, we say, of flats, we saw a lady meet another lady in the hall of a big, new apartment house the other day. The second lady was accompanied by her daughter, a sweet child of five. And the first lady said:

"Oh, Mrs. Dash, is this your little girl? What a lovely child! But she is several years younger than I supposed—I thought she must be at least 7 or 8. Why? Why, because I have heard her practicing upon the piano and she does so wonderfully well for a child of her age!"

And she smiled brightly, and passed on. But the second lady frowned and said:

"The cat! She knows perfectly well that my little girl doesn't touch the piano, and that I am the only one in the apartment who plays!"

❦



First Surgeon—"What did you operate on him for?"

Second Surgeon—"On his appendix for money and on his liver for experience."

❦

A Man's Privilege.

Little Sidney had reached the mature age of 3 and was about to discard petticoats for the more manly raiment of knickerbockers. The mother had determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The breakfast table was laden with good things when the newly breeched infant was led into the dining-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed the proud mother, "now you are a little man."

Sidney was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered, "Can I call pa Bill now?"

❦

Absent-minded.

Grocer—"That long-haired man who just went out must be a music crank."

Customer—"Why do you think so?"

Grocer—"He insisted that I only give him four beets in the measure."

❦

Reflection on His Wisdom.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," went on Mrs. Flubdub.

"That's well understood," said Mr. Flubdub. "Such being the case, why do you keep jawing at me?"

It Spoke for Itself.

Using all his eloquence, the experienced salesman had been displaying his stock to the lady customer. Green, purple and pink velvet, muslin and cloth had he tempted her with, but so far in vain.

Then he brought another roll of material, in which he seemed to have confidence.

"Now, madam," he said confidently, "this is a lovely line. Color fast and unshrinkable, guaranteed to wash like a rag, and makes up splendidly. Madam, this piece of cloth speaks for itself——"

"Then," interrupted the fed-up customer, "suppose you keep quiet for a moment and give it a chance."

❦

Always In.

Miss Smith thought she would "drop in" on young Mrs. Jones. "Is your mistress in?" she asked the young maid.

"Yes, miss," was the prompt reply.

She was shown into the drawing-room. But an hour passed and no Mrs. Jones appeared. At last the lady got up and called to the maid: "Did you tell your mistress I was here?"

"Oh, no, miss," replied the girl, quickly; "she hasn't returned from shopping yet."

"Not returned?" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"No, miss. You see, the mistress told me she was always 'home' to you."

■

Knew Where to Find One.

The music store proprietor had been compelled to take on an extra boy, a somewhat raw specimen.

"If a customer should come in while I am not in the shop and wants to see a flute, banjo or mandolin, you know what to show him, don't you?" he asked the boy, after having explained these details to him carefully. The boy nodded. The proprietor was then about to give him instructions regarding those instruments that were out of stock and began:

"Suppose a customer should ask for a lyre."

"I'll send for you at once, sir," put in the young hopeful.

❦

Business Proposal.

"Do you love me?" asked the young man, boldly.

"Isn't this rather sudden, Mr. Huggins?" replied the sweet young thing. "Can't you give me a week to consider my answer?"

"No, I can't. I have an option on another girl, and the option expires tomorrow."

❦

Pretty Good Rent.

The village wiseacres used to say that Flubdub had rooms for rent in his upper story."

"Did he fool 'em?"

"Looks like it. He's rented 'em to a corporation for $10,000 a year. That is to say, they've hired him for their law department."

❦

The New Generation.

We were glad to visit the reservation again.

"And what has become of the old chief, Crazy Horse?"

"Well, he ain't seen much in these parts now. But here is his son, Refractory Automobile."

❦

What They Are.

Captain—"Have you got your sea legs yet?"

Clothilde—"Just what are sea legs?"

Captain—"Rolling pins, my dear."

A Specimen of Woman's Work.

Great was the excitement in a certain small town. The local ladies decided to hold an exhibition of women's work with a view to providing a treat for wounded soldiers. While the committee were busily engaged in arranging the exhibits to the best advantage in the city hall there came a timid knock at the door. When the door was opened a strange-looking object entered. It was a man; his face was a mass of scratches, his hair stood out round his head like tufts of grass, his collar was dangling loosely behind, and his clothes were little better than rags.

"Please, I've come," he said simply.

"But—but," stammered the lady secretary, "this is not a museum; it's for a display of specimens of women's work."

"That's all right," he replied dejectedly; "I'm a specimen of woman's work."

❦

Coming Down in Price.

An old woman went up to the fish hawker's barrow and looked at his stock with longing eyes. She was evidently very poor, for when the hawker asked a dime for a scaleful of selected bits she hesitated.

"Have 'em at a nickel, mum," growled the hawker.

"No, it's too much," said the woman dolefully.

"Have 'em at a penny, then."

Still the old woman hesitated.

There was a look of pity mixed with disgust on the hawker's face and, turning to the woman, he said:

"Here, missus, I'll turn me back while you sneak 'em."

❦

Deference Due.

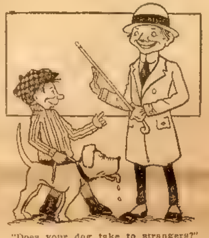
"That's a pretty dog of yours. What's his name?"

"It isn't my dog," replied Mr. Meekton. "It's Henrietta's dog, and I'm not supposed to be well enough acquainted with him to introduce him to anybody."

A PROFITEER.

The honey bee now dreams along
Out in his comfortable lair
With sugar prices going strong,
Next year he'll be a millionaire

❦



"Does your dog take to strangers?"

"You bet he does! He took to one yesterday an' we had a great deal of trouble to make him let go!"

❦

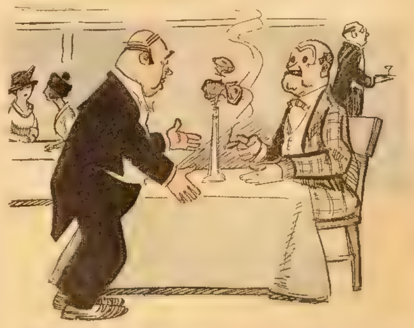
Lost Time.

Mother (to Frank)—"How is it that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"

Frank—"Well, no wonder, we've got such a big clock in our school."

Mother—"Why, what has the clock to do with it?"

Frank—"'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."



Guest in Hotel—"Here! Waiter, where's my portion of sugar?"

Waiter—"That must be that beastly fly again, sir—as soon as I puts down a portion of sugar along he comes and sneaks it!"

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GENTLE JABS.

Wise is the baldhead who can fool a fly.

A sure sign is one that reads, "No Trust!"

Better a budding genius than a blooming idiot.

Wise men bump into a fool's game now and then.

Honest men are almost as scarce as silent women.

Woman's inconsistency is the greatest of her charms.

A woman can hold her age better than any other secret.

The less a man says the more guessing his wife has to do.

One of the worst things under the sun is a shady reputation.

Even a strait-laced man has been known to go crooked.

In the game of life a good deal depends on a good deal.

Things you try to keep dark will come to light sooner or later.

Don't attempt to swindle a mule; he is apt to get back at you.

When a man tells you all his troubles he becomes one of yours.

Women seldom or never admire the life work of Father Time.

It doesn't pay to bunko a woman whose only asset is a gift of gab.

If a poor man has the sand he may win a rich girl with the rocks.

One-half the world doesn't let his better half know how he lives.

Openings sometimes come to men and oysters when least expected.

Some people are saddest when they sing and there's a reason why.

Your ship will never come in unless you go out with a tug to meet it

It's love that makes the postman go around with a lot of silly letters

A man with a single idea is a crank That's why so many men are cranks

He who hasn't time to be happy today will find that it is too late tomorrow

Man claims to be woman's intellectual superior, yet the records show few woman bigamists

Don't think that every sad eyed woman has loved and lost. Perhaps she loved and got him.

Run for office and read the opposition newspapers if you would see yourself as others see you.

He who advertises for a wife may get what he advertised for, but he seldom gets what he wants.

And a good deal of knowledge that people acquire is about as useful in their business as counterfeit money

Your Kitchen in Wartime

A Necessary Sacrifice.

SIR EDMUND WALKER, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce Toronto, speaking at the annual meeting of the shareholders recently, said:

"One of the most valuable foods for the soldier is bacon. He can apparently do more fighting on it than on anything else. If we fail in producing greater quantities of bacon than ever before, we shall fail in our duty to the soldiers. In this country we have been occupied in an effort to place the blame for the high price of an article which, beyond any doubt, we ought not to consume in large quantities just now, and we have apparently forgotten that the price has gone up mainly because bacon is vital to carrying on the war, and that if we do anything to lessen the efforts of the producers the price will certainly be much higher next year than it is now. In England well-to-do people are standing in line for their food supplies, and they, at least, are learning that the talk of famine is not a story to frighten children with, but a terrible possibility. The harvests have not been plentiful and the danger is as real as the menace of the submarines.

"Nothing in the end is to be gained by blaming the Premier or the Food Controller, the provision dealer or the farmer for high prices, which are not merely a result of the war but a result of war requirements so peremptory that the question of cost almost disappears. The conditions arising out of the war are at the bottom of most of our troubles. We have been told that we should save money. It is even more necessary that we should eat less, again not so much that we need to save for ourselves, but because if we do not eat less others across the sea must go hungry

"If we have men, money and food we shall win. If we fail in any of these we may lose. Individual tests, particularly in hotels and restaurants, show that very large savings can be made, wherever the effort is made to that end, but the difficulty is to make advice, or even regulations of the Food Controller, effective in a country which produces food largely in excess of its own requirements and where economy in the use of food is thought to be evidence of a mean and sordid disposition. It is not, however, enough that we should eat less, but that we should, as far as possible, replace some article of food, especially white bread and bacon, with others."

Around the Kitchen.

COMMON laundry starch wet with cold water will take out all traces of iodine stains and will not injure fabric or color.

When dusting doughnuts with sugar place doughnuts and sugar in a paper bag, close top with the hand and shake well. The result will be perfect and very little sugar will be used. The doughnuts will be covered evenly, a dozen at a time.

When baking pumpkin or custard pies take a long strip of cotton cloth, about an inch wide, and bind it around the outside of crust when pie is ready for the oven. The crust will keep its shape and will not be easily scorched.

When baking beans put a pinch of ginger in them and they will be much more easily digested. The ginger will never be detected.

Use denatured alcohol on a soft rag for polishing mirrors or pictures. It makes the process much shorter than when soap and water are used.

Keep a small washboard from the 10-cent store in the bathroom cupboard to use when washing out a few small articles. When there is a baby in the home it is invaluable.

Dried Fruits.

AT THIS time, when the conservation of food and fuel is of the utmost importance, this idea is worth while, as it saves food from waste without expending any extra fuel:

If you have apples going to waste you can dry them nicely over the registers In the evening prepare apples for drying.

Take the grates from the kitchen stove, or some similar device, and put wrapping paper on them, and when you retire for the night put them over the register or radiators. In the morning they will be dry

Pantry Pointers.

SAVE the round pasteboard boxes such as cornmeal and rolled oats come in. The smaller ones are fine to keep sugar in. In getting a ten-pound bag, empty at once and there will be less waste than if used from the bag, besides being much neater in the pantry. Also, it is easy to determine how much sugar is being used. The larger ones may hold potatoes and other small vegetables. One may be kept for twine. They do not take up much room on the floor and are neater than bags

BEMOAN YOUR LOT? YOU'D BETTER NOT

PERHAPS you think your lot is hard and that the fates are harsh and cruel because you're short of flour and lard and have no coal to use as fuel. Perhaps you growl when meat gives out because it's used to lick the German, and think that war is just about what it was called by old man Sherman. Perhaps you think it's mighty tough when war tax sets you scratching gravel, or think it's hardship's pretty rough to use a day coach when you travel. Perhaps you're right, but what of that, you poor, misguided, grouchy duffer? Just let me tell you good and flat you don't know what it is to suffer. Suppose you do find things upset thruout the breadth of this great Nation; somehow you've never failed to get enough to keep away starvation. Suppose you look about a bit, watch how it goes with other races, and see how hard all Europe's hit, before you think of changing places. Suppose you figure how you'd feel to make a trade with some brave yeoman who faces shell and gas and steel in battling with a ruthless foeman. Suppose you had to spend your days in trench of mud and grime and vermin, with horror spread before your gaze, and fate that no one might determine. Compare your lot with those who go to blaze the trail for Freedom's guerdon, and then you'll quickly come to know that they're the folks who bear the burden. So, drop your grouch, and be a man, and help to win the fight for Freedom. We've got the troops, now we must plan to furnish food enough to feed 'em. Get out and make a garden plot and work it like a greedy miser. Grow in your yard and vacant lot munitions meant to lick the Kaiser.

Hot Corn Bags.

ANYTHING that makes one warmer this cold weather will be appreciated during the coal and gas shortage. Make bags eight or ten inches square of shaker flannel, or other strong cloth, and fill with chicken corn and heat in oven before going to bed. Put two or three in bed before retiring and bed will be nice and warm. They are convenient, too, if one has an ache or pain, and there is not the danger of leaking as when using a hot water bottle.

War Time Tea.

DURING these times of economy try dropping one lemon drop into your cup of tea. It takes the place of sugar and cream and makes a sort of a Russian tea where one uses sugar and a slice of lemon.

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Have the snappiest, best tailored suit—and take five months to pay for it. Fit, style and workmanship guaranteed. Choose from finest fabrics in plain colors, stripes, checks, plaids. Send now for wonderful Style Book (in colors) which shows latest fashions and explains our easy credit plan. Cloth samples sent also—free.

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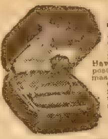

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The Island of Black Magic

By William H. Manning

Read This First!

NATIVES of San Domingo threaten an uprising and the white planters gather secretly at midnight to discuss plans for meeting it. Voodooism is blamed for the trouble. Zindra, a priestess, being one of the leaders, as is Joachim, an Obi king. Rufus Batherick, planter, is one of the white leaders. Alexander Lyon, a young Englishman, is Batherick's guest. He is attracted by Madge Batherick, ward of Rufus. Gaston, another planter, also is in love with her. Lyon undertakes to investigate the reports of an uprising. He discovers the planters had been spied upon at their meeting. Lyon goes on a fishing trip, guided by El Bala, a black. They come upon a ship, lying in a sheltered place in the swamp. It is loaded with black men and presently a canoe brings Joachim to the ship. Then the watchers discover Batherick is aboard. El Bala believes the white man a victim of Joachim's magic. Later as they return home they see Batherick and Joachim together.

Joachim is waving his hands over the white man's head as if in incantation. Lyon and Madge go for a horseback ride and their animals are stolen by a man who has robbed Gaston's house. Lyon, Gaston and a servant go in pursuit and they become separated. Someone shoots at Lyon and he suspects Gaston is trying to kill him thru jealousy of Madge. Lyon surprises Joachim waving his hands over Batherick again. The thief, pursued by Gaston, throws himself at the feet of Joachim, who prevents Gaston from killing him, but forces him to restore his loot. Included is a memorandum of the wealth of the different planters, apparently in the handwriting of Lyon, who pronounces it a forgery. He suspects Gaston.

Now to our story—

Or, if you prefer to read the previous chapters in full, back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 7, dated February 16.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SORCERY.

THE young man looked at his questioner closely. His acquaintance with Madge had not progressed outwardly beyond the realm of strong friendship, but his real sentiments were entirely different. As he met her earnest, steadfast gaze, he felt that he might safely tell all he knew, and there was no hesitation.

"Just what do you want explained?" he asked.

"First, about that paper?" she replied.

"I wish I could explain, but when I affirm that I never saw or heard of it before, I tell all I know. You heard what was said. It was a memorandum of the general resources of the various planters near here, by which I mean notes as to their wealth. It seemed to be data that would be valuable to persons wishing to pillage the houses, but it seems ridiculous to me."

"Why so?"

"Would the negroes need it if they were about to rise and do violence? Are they bookish men to read such scribbling? No! Even if a few of their number can perhaps read, they would give no second thought to information put on paper. They would simply rise and plunder, securing what they could find. But that they would need or use memoranda as to the houses—that is nonsense!"

"Exactly!" she agreed.

"The thing is a poor forgery. My name is signed to the paper, and there is an imitation of my penmanship, but a very poor one. That's all I know, for I did not write it."

"It is absurd to suppose that you did, and as for the use it might be put to, you have well said that it could have none. Black marauders do not proceed by book or ink-marks. What then?"

"Simply a scheme to injure me."

Madge questioned him more with her eyes than with her lips.

"Whose scheme?" she continued.

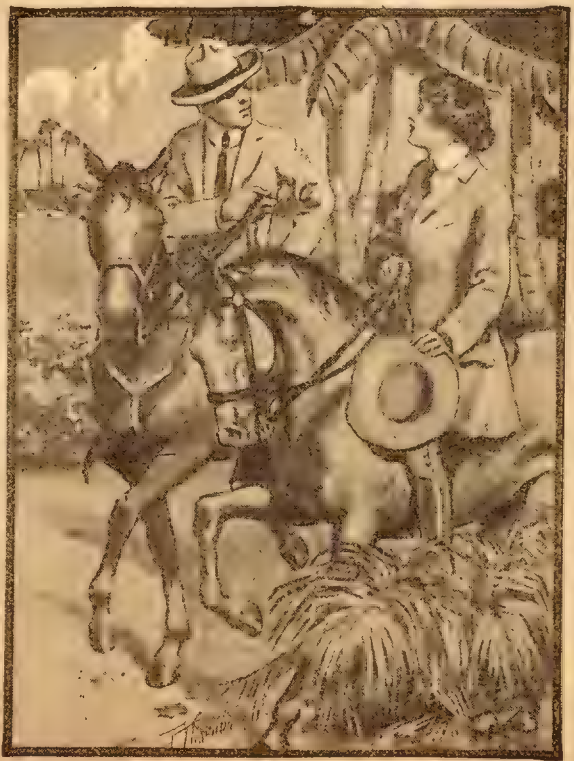
"The thief said he secured the paper from Gaston's house."

"Gaston denied it."

"Ye-es," returned Alexander, slowly "He denied it, certainly."

"What then?"

"Remember his way when we first met him today! He practically forced a quarrel upon me, and only the fact that I submitted prevented immediate outbreak. Briefly, you have seen and heard Mr. Gaston, and I need not ask if you have formed an opinion."



"Gaston Is Your Enemy. He Is of Strong Passions and Perhaps Revengeful. Be Warned."

"He is your enemy," Madge declared. "Did you not know it before today?"

"In a way, yes, but I passed it by. The man has not been on his guard in the present matter, and tongue, look and act have carried a tale I cannot fail to read. Yes, he is my enemy."

"Mr. Lyon, you will do well to study safety here. Gaston is no feeble character, to be passed by lightly. He is of strong passions and perhaps revengeful. Be warned!"

"I am warned, and I thank you for your words. While I do not hold him in awe, I will try to guard myself from further trouble. Possibly I shall see more of it."

"Really, I fear you will."

They rode on in brief silence, both being conscious they had failed to refer to the matter of motive. Alexander thought that he knew. Not only had he seen evidence that Gaston cared for Madge, but Batherick had once mentioned the fact casually. The young planter was revealed as a jealous suitor who planned to injure his rival.

Despite his decision to be frank with Madge, the shooting episode was not mentioned. Twice Alexander curbed the impulse to mention it, but the idea had entered his mind that perhaps, after all, the bullet had not been meant for him, but had been a chance shot. He decided to wait and watch.

Soon after arriving at the house the Englishman saw Batherick. He expected vehement remarks from his host, but the planter was smiling and unconcerned.

"This island," he explained, "is no country village in civilized parts. Trouble with the blacks is our lot every few days or weeks. The eruption of today was a sample. We shall hear no more of it, but it is one of the little things that go to make the natives chronically ugly. They break loose, do some lawless act, are taken to task, and then nourish their grudge. A small matter. But it was lucky that Joachim happened along so opportunely."

"Yes," Alexander agreed, eying his companion closely.

"He has great power over the blacks. Probably he heard the crashing of bushes and came to see what it was about."

Alexander remembered that the Obi man had already been at hand, and that Batherick had been kneeling servilely at his feet, but it was so certain that he would get no information that he tried for none.

"Probably," he echoed.

"Don't let this give you confidence in Joachim!" the planter added earnestly. "Joachim is the most dangerous man in the island, and if you trust him you will regret it. Give him a wide berth."

Presently Batherick said he had work to do, and left his guest. Lyon watched him out of sight, puzzled and uncertain If the sorcerer was so dangerous, why did the planter consort with him, kneel humbly at his feet, and seem to be so friendly with him?

"The scoundrel has put a spell upon Batherick!" was the inevitable conclusion. "Looks as if there is no denying that some of the negroes are wizards and witches. Joachim has mesmerized him, made him his mental slave, taken away his will power and gained control over his actions."

The three days that followed were without exciting events. The young visitor enjoyed life in the ways at his disposal, riding and walking with Madge, and drawing in the breath of the island life. He did not see Joachim, nor hear of new consultations among the planters, all of which was a trifle reassuring, but he was not lulled into forgetfulness.

Several times he was on the point of mentioning to Madge the occasions on which he had seen Batherick and the Obi man together, but it was a delicate subject and he said nothing.

On the evening of the third day the girl excused herself early under the plea of a headache and the family party broke up accordingly, all going to their rooms. Alexander, however, was not ready to sleep, and he seated himself by the window and fell into thought. After some time the desire came to light his pipe, and with it came the call of the outer air.

He stepped out to the piazza, fell to smoking and so passed several minutes, but the heat troubled him and he planned to catch the light breeze that waved the treetops. Remembering the so-called rest-house that was constructed for just that purpose, he went down the steps and to the structure.

It was a framework of two stories, well floored, but open on all sides. Ascending to the upper floor, he sat down and gave himself up to the allurements of his pipe.

It was not until a considerable time had elapsed that he moved suddenly and gave his thoughts to things in his vicinity. He sensed the quiet near at hand and the remoter singing at the negro quarters, but passed these matters carelessly by.

His attention turned upon the house, Not until then had it occurred to him that his position brought him opposite to the chamber windows, and that they were only a few yards distant, but as he looked he suddenly became aware that there was a light in Madge's room, and that the window was uncurtained.

That he then committed the misdemeanor of staring that way was due to the fact that he saw a remarkable night. At the extremity of the room Joachim was standing erect, and at his feet Madge was meekly kneeling.

Utterly amazed, he kept his gaze centered, and tho dimly conscious that a negro woman was also present, it was upon the foremost figures that he looked intently, bewildered and startled.

He could not see Madge's face, her back being toward him, but her attitude was one of humble submission, while the Obi man towered proud and dominating, his coarse face aglow with triumph. It needed no explanation to see that he was as masterful with the girl as he had been with Batherick, but, now, he clearly considered his triumph greater.

Hot indignation swept over Alexander. He had decided that the planter was to be left alone, and to be regarded as one able to fight his own battles, but it was different with Madge.

Filled with horror, he realized that she, too, was in the clutches of the sorcerer, victim to the uncanny spell he was able to exert, and it was staggering. Mesmerized, she was the passive tool of the black man—she, the most refined woman in the island! Black magic had the Bathericks in its grasp.

For a moment he was tempted to rush into the house and order the sorcerer out, and if need be to throw him out, but he remembered his position. His relations with the family did not justify radical action, since he was no more than a friend.

But the black man—the reputed worst man in the island! Was he to net the girl and make her a creature of his lawless will?

He continued to stare at the scene inside, still marking Madge's humble manner and the gloating triumph of the Obi man. That broad, animal face was the picture of brute delight, and it was clear that he regarded this as his greatest triumph.

Alexander's hand mechanically moved to his revolver, but as this happened a hand fell upon his shoulder. He wheeled quickly, and the faint moonlight permitted an astonishing discovery. Another person was on the elevated floor, and the one he least expected to see there.

Before him stood Zindra, the Voodoo queen!

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLYING KNIFE.

FOR the first time Alexander saw the Voodoo woman clearly, and the immediate impression was not agreeable. She was slight and thin, tho not emaciated, and her narrow face was a map of fine wrinkles, that certainly added nothing in the way of good looks. But the most impressive thing was her black, bright eyes—eyes that seemed to be the woman, and to exclude everything else. Impulsively he stepped back a pace.

"Afraid?" questioned Zindra, her tone mocking.

"Only surprised," replied the young man, rallying.

"And why surprised?"

"I did not know you came here."

"I go everywhere—yes, and if I want to look at a gray drogher I don't hide in the bushes."

"Oh!" commented Alexander.

The woman wheeled and again looked into the room where Madge knelt at Joachim's feet.

"She is not afraid!" she added, with an unpleasant smile.

"Are you here with Joachim?"

Zindra abruptly drew herself erect, and her eyes sparkled angrily.

"Joachim! That beast!" she snapped. "Carrion is not my food. With Joachim? Oho! I leave him to find friends with the white men. They seem to like his kind. Look at me! Am I a negro? No, I am all Indian, Carib."

Alexander impulsively caught her arm.

"What is that black knave doing?" he demanded

"Ask him!"

"Has he put a spell on the girl?"

"Ask her!"

The woman's voice was now calm and unconcerned, tho a hint of mockery was back of it. Her lips curled, revealing a set of firm, white teeth that were out of place with her age-lined face. She was not a pleasant figure, yet Alexander experienced no shrinking in her company.

"I want to understand this," he proceeded, "and I feel that you can tell me all. Plainly, Joachim has cast an evil spell upon the girl. How has he done it and what does he want?"

Don't you know?"

'No. It is all black mystery."

"Ask the girl! Ask her, and if she will talk you will know more. Don't you know what the Obi man is? The greatest magician in the island, the man who has only to will and others are his slaves, the mightiest sorcerer that ever lived."

She said it with a sneer, and Alexander understood in part, but as rival dealers in the black art were naturally enemies he passed the point by lightly. Zindra turned abruptly again and tapped her long, bony fingers on his shoulder.

'Watch over your pretty bird in there!" she added forcibly.

"What can I do?"

'Dead sorcerers do no harm."

"Murder is not in my line—

"It will be, sooner or later. Joachim must be killed! Will you do it early enough to save the girl, or too late? Look! What is this for?"

She caught at his revolver and held it up.

"No!" said Alexander, recovering the weapon and thrusting it away. "No—not yet!"

"Not yet!" Zindra mocked. "You will wait until the pretty bird has been made a victim? Eh? Is that it? Wait! Bah!"

Alexander turned his gaze upon the room again. Madge still kneeled and still the sorcerer towered aloft, his arms outstretched and his thick lips moving. There was brief temptation, but, much as he was wrought up, he rebelled at shooting a man in cold blood. He held his hands well away from the revolver.

"Oh!" scoffed the Voodoo woman. "You will wait! Well, remember that I warned you. For now, European, she is safe. Leave her to her muttering companion, for the female slave with her makes her safe. As for you, come with me. You shall see more."

The speaker pulled at his arm and he was tempted to obey. Why not? Madge was within her own home, and the household was within sound of her voice. Even if she had no woman with her, a cry would summon help.

"Come!" Zindra added.

Just why he complied he could not tell, but there was strong persuasion in the simple words, and he followed when she moved toward the stairway. They descended to the ground, and went several yards light-footed. Then the witch turned abruptly upon her companion.

"You have a choice!" she snapped.

"A choice? Of what?"

"Tomorrow a vessel sails to Cuba, and from there you can soon go to England. That is one way, and it is safe. The other way is to stay here, but if you stay, don't think you can hold your hands far from your revolver and be safe. You must fight!"

"Fight whom?"

"Whoever is in your way. Will you give them all the chances? Will you sit idle and let them kill you? Believe me, he who strikes first strikes best."

"Explain what you mean."

"No more. You have eyes and a mind. Look! Think! Unless you do that they will end your life."

She wheeled again and trod away softly, and as she ignored all questions Alexander finally stopped asking them. At that moment he was inclined to regard her as a voluble old woman who poured out words that had nothing back of them. He was brought back to comprehensible things when they suddenly came upon an animal that, partially revealed by the vague moonlight, was seen to be a mule. It was Zindra's steed, and by its side stood Gurr, her giant black attendant.

The witch paused and nodded to the giant.

'Show him!" she directed.

"Come, buckra man," Gurr said gravely.

The mystery of the occasion fell upon Alexander again, and he made no demur at the plan presented to him. The giant walked away without a backward glance, and the Englishman followed until the house lay some distance behind. Then the guide changed his mode of moving, using great care, and silencing Alexander with a motion.

They paused at a fringe of bushes and Gurr parted the leaves.

"Look!" he ordered quietly.

A glade lay beyond, and it was not untenanted. Men were there, half a dozen in number. It was little that Batherick was one of the number, but his companions were black men. Grouped, they were silent. Alexander stared, for tho the planter seemed to like such associates, the gathering was puzzling. And why were they so still and motionless?

After some time he turned to Gurr, only to find that person peering into the shrubbery intently. Perhaps he read the question that was to come, for he softly whispered:

"It is not as I expected here. I thought that——" He stopped short and pressed the young man's arm. "Somebody is coming," he added. "Wait, and maybe we shall see——"

A man broke rapidly but gently thru the bushes and went hurriedly to Batherick's side. He spoke a few hasty words, and then the unexpected happened. Every person of the larger party wheeled and trod away. It was as if they had fled in alarm.

Then Alexander made a mistake. He followed fast-footed, only to learn that it was an unequal chase with the master of the place on familiar ground. He found nobody, and at the end of five minutes knew he was utterly baffled.

He had paused to brood over his defeat when, a few rods to one side where the way was clear, Zindra passed him on her mule, with Gurr trotting by her side. Exasperated because he had let the black man get out of his sight he started to follow, but as he did so something brushed violently against his breast, passed by, and then thudded into a tree at his elbow. At the same moment he caught a glimpse of a glittering surface in the moonlight, and, startled, he impulsively investigated.

A long-bladed knife was sticking in the tree. It had come with the cunning cast of an expert, and narrowly missed finding lodgment in his flesh. Murder had been in that cast.

CHAPTER X

MORE ABOUT SORCERY.

ALEXANDER plucked the knife from the tree and, making a slight detour, ran toward the quarter whence the flying weapon had come. He felt that the search would be useless, and was not surprised when he failed to find anybody. The would-be assassin had promptly made his escape.

Abandoning the quest, he finally paused and looked more closely at the knife. It was keen and long-bladed, with a horn handle—a weapon fit for deadly work. If, instead of merely brushing against his breast, it had gone a little further to one side, its impetus would have carried it to a vital part.

Black mystery! The island reeked with it!

At that moment he had a feeling of utter helplessness. A stranger himself, he knew so little of the life that was about him that he could not analyze the various perplexities as a native would, perhaps, do, and attacks seemed to be coming from all quarters.

Perplexed, he had nobody he could consult. Batherick had shown such a surprising side to his nature and habits that he was out of the question, and even if there had been another planter to lay his discoveries before safely there was always the difficulty that he could not tell others what he knew of his host. Meanwhile, his life was in danger.

He looked again at the knife and was struck by a familiarity about it. It was nothing that it was of steel and horn, but something in the odd carving of the handle suddenly brought recollections of another something—he wondered what—and then the truth came. The knife, or one astonishingly like it, had been in the belt of Gaston when he was on the mountain.

The source of the attack was revealed, he thought, and it emphasized the fact that he was in a precarious position. How was he to guard against these sudden, secret perils?

He pocketed the knife and returned to the house. Madge's window was dark, and the whole family seemed to be asleep. He regained his room and sat at the window, thinking. Against Gaston he felt keen hostility and had the courage to meet him in the war forced upon him, but something else did not lend so favorable a color.

Madge had received the sorcerer and knelt humbly at his feet. She, too, was in the Obi man's clutches, his slave, a victim of the black art. Alexander shivered. Madge, refined, womanly and sweet, and the infamous Joachim! A strange pair—a tragedy. She must be saved, but how—how?

Then he remembered Zindra. The Voodoo woman had left him so abruptly that he knew little of her yet, but his thoughts turned to her as the one source of hope. He longed to see her again, but how was it to be accomplished when she lived in the heart of the great swamp?

He thought of her, but presently smiled sarcastically, ashamed of himself. Why should he turn for help to an old woman who dwelt in El Gran Pantano—a woman, who, tho she claimed to be a Carib and was certainly more intelligent than most of the negroes, was certainly a feeble instrument as Europeans looked at it? What hope lay in her? Why did he think of her at all?

"Bah!" he muttered "This thing has affected my brain!"

Disgusted, he rose abruptly and made ready for bed. Lying there, he considered his own peril and the grievous mystery attached to Madge, trying to see means of defending her and himself, but light did not come. The island was not England, and he seemed to be one man against all others. Where was he to find help?

He fell asleep with the question unanswered, but awakened in the morning full of the hope that he would hear an explanation from Madge that would show her to be in no danger.

He was up early, and, going out, encountered the girl. He had never seen her more self-possessed, and never more cheerful. Yes, he assured himself, he would now receive an explanation.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "so you are trying to rival the early birds?"

"At least one of them is ahead of me, I see," he returned.

"Not very long. My fingers were all thumbs as I dressed, so I am really late. The world is glorious today"

"Rather a good sort of a world, isn't it?"

"Yes, bright, peaceful and roomy. Can we ask for more?"

The lightness of her speech encouraged him more than ever, and they walked away together, wandering about the grounds. She had all the chance possible to tell why Joachim had been in the house, and he waited patiently, but half an hour elapsed and breakfast was nearly ready and no explanation made.

It was much that she was in high spirits, but he longed for more.

"We seem to have the place all to ourselves," he finally said cautiously. "Do the blacks never come here?"

"Only when their work takes them."

"Or their crimes?" he suggested.

"There is something in that," she agreed, with a quick nod.

"Witches and wizards, priestesses and sorcerers are not easily barred away from anywhere, especially at night."

"I suppose such creatures might come here secretly," she admitted.

Alexander looked at her closely, but, tho her air was sweetly serious, she met his gaze steadily. He waited a little, offering full chance for explanation, but it did not come.

"I shall be glad when I am out of this island," she pursued, suddenly sighing. "I don't like mysteries, dangers and black arts."

"I have wondered," Alexander said quietly, "if it were possible for any of these people to mesmerize me, to put a spell upon me, so as to overmaster my will. In the swamp we have Zindra, and on the dry land, Joachim."

"You hardly need think of them. Whatever art they really possess may be defied by strength of the Anglo-

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Saxon will power. Resolve not to be affected and you will be safe."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes."

"But, speaking of that, would these black sorcerers venture to try their charms on whites—say, on me, or, better yet, on you?"

"They certainly would try, but they would fail," and so saying Madge met her companion's gaze freely and seemed confident. "Yet," she added, more thoughtfully, "do you think it possible that one might be under their charms and not be conscious of the fact?"

Alexander stood speechless. She had suggested a startling possibility. Could it be that the girl did not know Joachim had used power? Was she so helpless that she obeyed the sorcerer unconsciously?

CHAPTER XI.

THE WARNING.

WHEN Madge and Alexander separated he was no nearer the desired explanation than before. Altho a good friend, he was not in position to call for an account of what she was unwilling to tell, and when his indirect methods failed to break her silence, he had to let it go at that.

After all, it was like life in the island to have all things past understanding.

Shortly after breakfast he left the house, found the trail of Zindra's mule and followed it for half a mile. It bore almost unswervingly toward El Gran Pantano. Further tracking seemed foolish, for he would be helpless as soon as the tangled part of the swamp was reached, but his mind was much upon the Carib woman.

What was it she intended to show him the previous night? Other events had interfered with her intentions, and she had promptly gone toward her strange home. Alexander wondered if he had missed anything of importance, and another matter was pressing. Could Zindra help him?

With so much evidence at hand he could no longer doubt that the black art was a fact in the island. Were not Madge and Batherick under Joachim's spell? And if this was so, was it not well to oppose charm with charm?

He ended by hunting up El Bala and explaining that he wanted to find the Voodoo woman. The young black at first crossed himself nervously and declared that he would not dare to face the priestess, but his mood was as changeable as usual and he soon dropped this show of fear.

"If you wish, buckra man, you shall go," he said quietly.

"I do wish it."

"When?"

"The sooner the better. Name your earliest hour."

El Bala considered, and finally the middle of the afternoon was decided upon.

"But," the negro added thoughtfully, "we may not find Zindra. She goes and comes much, and may be twenty miles away now. What she has to call her so widely I can't say, but she knows more about what is going on hereabouts than anybody else. She knows all things, all the concerns of the white men and the black. Why, master, there is not an idea in your mind, no matter how secret, but she knows it."

"Does she?" asked Alexander, with a skeptical smile.

"Yes."

"If that is so, I hope she knows my ideas more clearly than I do."

"Ask her and she will explain what you don't know."

"Just what I'll do!" declared the Englishman.

Leaving El Bala presently, he considered the point long and with deep interest. If Zindra could put a spell upon another person, was it not possible that she could read one's thoughts and motives? Was it not possible that he could learn from her all that perplexed him?

At times he hoped that it was so, but, invariably, his old disbelief arose and made him a doubter.

It lacked an hour of the time when he was to meet El Bala, and, having just left Madge, he was alone in the grounds when the negro suddenly appeared. That he should come to the grounds annoyed Alexander.

"This is not the place of meeting!" he exclaimed

"Buckra man," the Bullet replied, "I have seen Gurr."

"Where did you happen on him?"

"He came to look for me and f[illegible] me. Master, he gave me a message from Zindra."

"Ah! And what was it?"

"She sends word to you thus: Lyon man, do not leave Batherick's house until another day dawns. Be in or near the house all the time, and when night falls be all eyes and have your weapons ready And watch that no harm comes to Mademoiselle Madge!"

Alexander knit his brows deeply and stared hard at his companion.

"She sent this word?"

"Yes."

"But why, why? What does it mean?"

"Master, I do not know, for Gurr said no more. He would not stay with me, nor answer questions, but as he was leaving he turned once and sent a few more words like a flash. 'Tonight, watch over Mademoiselle.'"

"But why——"

"Buckra man, I have told you all. I asked questions, but Gurr would say nothing, except that we must not go to El Gran Pantano today. Guard Mademoiselle—that was his one cry."

Alexander stood puzzled and bewildered. With the past in mind, he felt he could not safely set this warning down as frivolous, and he did not think it tinged with treachery. Somehow, his opinion of the Voodoo woman's power took an upward lift and her warning seemed almost like that of a tried friend

"What," he muttered, after a pause, "can be the necessity for watching over Madge?"

"Has the buckra man found things around here like safety?" asked El Bala, significantly.

"That is well put. Safety does not seem to dwell hereabouts. Well, we will give up the trip to the swamp and follow directions."

"One thing more," added the negro, but it was not until later that Alexander remembered his intent look, "Gurr said Zindra ordered that you mention nothing of this to Madge and Batherick."

"If I knew it was reliable I should mention it, but in this condition of doubt I am inclined to obey. I will say nothing."

"Master, I have seen Planter Gaston and Er-Cheval walking together."

"Who is Er-Cheval?"

"The man you chased on the mountain as a thief from Gaston."

"What? They walked together?"

"Yes, and very friendly. Gaston has forgiven him. Mebbe," El Bala added, falling into broken speech, 'Gaston knows that Er-Cheval is a very much good knife-thrower."

"What do you know about his being a knife-thrower?" Alexander demanded sharply.

"Nothing, except that Gurr told me so."

The Englishman had remembered the knife that had so nearly taken his own life, and he eyed El Bala closely, but the negro was looking at vacancy with a face the similitude of innocence.

Facts and mysteries pressed upon the young man so keenly and numerously that he forgot to press his interrogations, and when El Bala started to go away, he let him depart freely. Left alone, Alexander meditated earnestly. At one moment resolving to cast aside the veil of secrecy and tell everything to Batherick, he presently found himself determined to say nothing. With such vague evidence he was likely to be laughed at.

The afternoon wore on and night approached. The blacks no longer labored in the fields, and Batherick joined Madge and the guest on the piazza. He had never seemed more at ease, and Alexander wondered. The planter lighted a cigar and leaned back as if to enjoy himself completely.

"I saw Vasquez a few hours ago," he said indolently. "He tells me he has his plantation well arranged for the uprising of the natives."

"Is it yet known when the outbreak will come?" Lyon asked.

"We have no tidings, but probably not for a couple of weeks."

"Are you watching the men?"

"Sharply!"

"No more threatening signs?"

"Not yet. Of course, the men will not take pains to inform us just when they will strike, but we miss little. Especially, we have an eye upon Joachim."

"You think he is the leader?"

"No doubt as to that. However, we shall nip his plots in the bud. Get the leader tangled up so he can do no harm, and we have the whole gang in trouble. Understand? Also, I am expecting the Cuban riflemen here soon, and they will settle everything."

Batherick fell silent and puffed contentedly at his cigar, but a new idea had entered Alexander's mind. He knew of his host's intention to bring armed men from Cuba to aid against the natives, and recollection of the gray drogher in the bayou came quickly. He suspected that the riflemen were already at hand, and that the fact was being hidden.

But why all this mystery?

What of the night? If the warning from Zindra was trustworthy it was to be a night of danger—a menace that involved none knew what. The next installment is productive of thrills and the light is let into the mysterious Voodoo powers.

❧ ❧ ❧

Getting In Bad.

THE danger of discussing persons when in company with strangers is amusingly illustrated by the following

Several ladies and gentlemen were traveling together in a railway carriage. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the conversation became general.

One of the ladies had been at the theater the night before, where an opera had been sung, and was loud in her expressions of disapproval.

"Worse than all," she went on, "that Mme. Black is much too old for her part Her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her.

"Wouldn't you rather tell this to Mme. Black, herself? She is sitting opposite you," he replied coldly.

After the general silence which followed the remark the critical lady turned to the singer with many confused apologies.

"It is that horrid critic, White, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. White himself?" calmly inquired Mme. Black. "He is sitting next you."

❧ ❧ ❧

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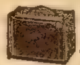

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The Awakening of Etta Lucy

By Frank Dorrance Hopley

Etta Lucy was stage struck and she worshiped a matinee idol. The awakening was jolty. Etta Lucy is quite a likable person and you should like her story.

[Copyright 1918 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

MISS ETTA LUCY BROWN, 18 years young, sat in a white wicker rocking-chair gazing anxiously down the shaded street.

It was a morning early in June. Over the little cottage the roses climbed, reaching out their arms of green, until at the top they met in close embrace.

In the balcony beside the girl, swinging softly in the warm summer breeze, were two golden cages. In one a bird of bronze and green sang lustily to his love in yellow. He warbled his ditty of passion and despair, until it seemed his throat would burst. But the adored one answered not. Slowly swinging from side to side, she listened, but never a note, never a look.

The girl glanced at the singer and then to the haughty object of his adoration, and smiled.

"Just like he does," she murmured dreamily, as she lay back and closed her eyes. "Just like he does."

The roses, restless in the freshening breeze, moved to and fro seemingly to the cadence of the song, until, at last, one more venturesome than the rest broke from the branch and dropped at the feet of the yellow beauty below.

The bird hesitated a moment, looking curiously at the flower, as if in doubt what course to pursue; then, with a little flutter of joy, she broke into a flood of song.

The girl opened her eyes and sprang to the side of the cage, where she stood for a moment in the rain of sunshine which slowly filtered thru the bower of roses above her.

"I just believe Dickie gave her that rose," she murmured, as she looked at the twittering birds. "I guess men and birds are just the same when they're in love."

Far down the street there suddenly appeared a dark object, which, as it drew nearer, resolved itself into the form of a man. Miss Brown watched eagerly as the person approached; then, as she distinguished the red hair and freckled face of Mr. David Barnes, of the mature age of 20 years, she resumed her seat with a disappointed sigh.

Exactly seven days ago the approach of Mr. Barnes would have awakened in the bosom of Miss Brown varying emotions, the most potent among them being joy at his nearness. That, however, was before the Crystal Stock Company had arrived in town to finish out its season by a two weeks' run of "The Lover Prince," with Mr. P. Obrey Desmond in the title role.

Miss Etta Lucy had become enamored by the manly attractions of Mr. Desmond the very first night, in comparison with which the spare and somewhat irregular contour of Mr. Barnes suffered greatly, much as a mullen stalk would suffer if placed beside the stately branches of a calla lily.

For seven nights Miss Brown had sat in a near front seat in the opera house and watched the Lover Prince—otherwise known as Mr. Desmond—make love to the leading lady, whom she despised.

For seven nights she had seen the leading lady, clad in a glorious creation of white and yellow, turn down the Lover Prince again and again, with the air of a haughty queen, until at last on bended knee he presented her with a blood-red rose as a token of his fealty Then she, in a languorous burst of song, had thrown herself into his arms, his slave for life.

For the same number of nights Miss Brown had babbled incoherently of her admiration for the Lover Prince, all the way from the theater to her home, to the ill-concealed disgust of Mr. Barnes, who had reluctantly accompanied her each evening.

That gentleman was seriously troubled in his mind regarding the outcome of this sudden and overwhelming infatuation of the object of his devotion for his polished and seemingly unconquerable rival. As he came to a halt before the rose-covered cottage, his face showed that some mighty emotion was working in his bosom.

"H'lo Et'!"

"H'lo Dave!"

"Can I come up?"

The head of Miss Brown assumed a slightly more vertical position than before, thereby indicating her acquiescence.

As the young man entered the balcony she looked up eagerly.

"Oh, Dave, what do you think? Dickie did the same thing as he does. He was singing to Lilac, and she wouldn't look at him. Then he gave her a rose, I just know he did, for when I opened my eyes the rose was on her cage and it wasn't there before. Then she began to sing wild like. It was just the same as he does."

Mr. Barnes registered incredulity and an intelligent ignorance of about what she was talking.

"He?"

"Yes you silly—Mr. Desmond, of course Just like he does in the play, when he gives Miss Osborne a rose, and then—oh, Dave, there he is now!"

The girl watched with tender emotion the person of Mr. P. Obrey Desmond, as he flitted airily past, robed in a new and shining suit of gray, which showed to advantage his Adonis-like figure.

As the object of her admiration passed from sight around the corner, Miss Brown leaned back in her chair with a happy little sigh.

"Oh, Dave, isn't he too grand for anything? Did you ever see such eyes and such hair, so long and curly? Don't he walk just like a prince who is going to claim his princess?"

The unromantic Mr. Barnes failed to enthuse

"More likely going for a haircut; he needs it," he answered shortly.

The girl made no reply, but sat looking with a rapt expression at the spot where her hero had disappeared. Mr. Barnes looked at her appealingly, and then, as she gave no sign, he braced himself for the fray.

"See here, Et'," he began wildly, "I don't like the way you're carryin' on 'bout this actor feller. You ain't been the same since he came to town. Runnin' to the show every night and lookin' at him just as if you'd like to eat him. Wha' d'ye mean by such foolishness? Wha' d'ye mean, I say? Don't you love me any more, Et'?"

The eyes of Miss Brown rested dreamily on the puckered and distressed face of her erstwhile hero.

"He's so different from you, Dave," she said slowly, ignoring his questions "He certainly is so different from you—his hair, and—and every way."

For some moments there was a deep, thinky sort of silence.

Mr. Barnes could not truthfully deny that there was a vast difference between himself and the smooth, city-mannered Mr. Desmond, especially as regards to hair. Altho he realized that he suffered greatly by the comparison, deep down in his heart he was conscious of a feeling that he was glad such a difference existed. As the unfairness of it all came over him again, he burst forth once more:

"I tell you, Et', I don't like it, not for a cent! Every night you just sit there a-lookin', an' a-lookin', an' a-lookin' at him just like—it makes me sick, it does! I ain't going to stand for it."

The girl looked at him with a pitying expression.

"Dave," she said, in the same dreamy voice, "Dave, do you know I never knew what a real man was until I saw Mr. Desmond? You're all right, but—but you're not his kind. You've never been anywhere or seen anything. You've got no culture like him. It isn't your fault, but—till I saw him I thought you were the finest ever, but now—now he's woke up my soul, as the poet says, and I guess I'll never see things the same again. He's my ideal of a man—my ideal," and she closed her eyes with a little gurgle of satisfaction.

The ruddy countenance of Mr. Barnes grew rosier than ever, and the freckles stood at attention, as if ready to leap thru the skin. Slowly he reached for his hat and stood for a moment twisting it nervously.

"If that's the way you feel, Et', I guess I'll be going," he said chokingly, "but let me tell you, Et', some day, some day you'll——" and then, as his emotions enveloped him completely, Mr. Barnes hurried away.

That evening, as the Lover Prince walked from the stage at the end of the play, he said to the leading lady, who had just succumbed to his charms.

"I wonder who that moon-faced girl is who sits on the fourth row at the end. She's been here every night since we opened. Just sits looking and looking at me, with her big round eyes, every minute I'm on the stage. It kind of gets my goat the way she stares at me. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

The leading lady laughed, as she threw away the rose the Lover Prince had given her.

"That's what comes of being so terribly handsome," she answered. "Better look out, or little moon-face will steal you."

Mr. P. Obrey Desmond gave a little exclamation of displeasure at the thought, as he disappeared into his dressing-room.

The next few days passed without Mr. Barnes seeing the object of his devotion. He had made up his mind that he would forego that pleasure for a time in the hope that his absence might bring the deluded Miss Brown to her senses.

The remedy failed to work, however, and Mr. Barnes was painfully cognizant of the fact that she had attended each performance of "The Lover Prince" alone, for five nights. He had sat in a gallery seat and watched her from afar, as she sat with her eyes fixed admiringly on the immaculate Mr. Desmond.

The recesses of Mr. Barnes' fertile brain had been searched in the endeavor to find a way to avert the catastrophe which he felt was imminent unless this maddening infatuation should cease, but without avail.

He even thought of challenging the Lover Prince to a duel, after which, standing over his rival's prostrate body, he would claim the heart and hand of the adored one, as did the knights of old. This latter plan, however, after mature deliberation, did not appear exactly feasible, and on the fifth night Mr. Barnes returned to his domicile, more perturbed than ever.

It was old-home week in the village, and her sons and daughters who had attained renown, and those who had striven hard but had somehow failed to reach the goal, were flocking to their native heath. The Governor of the State, the town's favorite son, was coming on the morrow, and the streets were gay with flags and vari-colored banners. In the evening there was to be a gala performance of "The Lover Prince" and the Governor had promised to attend.

As the hour drew near for this momentous occasion, Miss Etta Lucy attired herself in a gown of white and yellow, upon which she had been at work ever since she had seen the startling creation of her hated rival, the leading lady. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she smiled complacently, for the face that looked back at her was, in her estimation, much more beautiful than the painted and powdered countenance of the Princess in the play.

For some days there had been slumbering in the brain of Miss Brown the latent idea that she must, somehow, meet the adored Mr. Desmond face to face and tell him of her admiration. Just how this was to be accomplished, however, within the bounds of propriety, she had not yet determined.

The last night of the engagement of "The Lover Prince" had arrived and, on the morrow, Mr. P. Obrey Desmond would, in all probability, flit to other fields. As Miss Brown walked slowly down the flag-bedecked street, she realized that if she was to attain her wish, the hour for action was at hand.

The evening was hot and sultry—one of those nights when summer, coming with a rush, smothers the yielding spring in his warm embrace.

A stream of perspiring humanity was pouring into the opera house, and the "Standing Room Only" sign had just been displayed, when Etta Lucy arrived. She was pushed and jostled by the surging crowd, until at last she found herself in the balcony to the far right of the stage. Here she ensconced herself on the top of the stairs leading to an exit, and waited eagerly for her hero to appear.

The curtain rose, and Mr. P. Obrey Desmond strode forth and acknowledged the plaudits of the sweltering multitude before him. The leading lady followed, and coyly refused to encourage the attentions of the Lover Prince. The little princesses sang, and danced and capered, in scant attire, thanking their stars for the lightness of their raiment.

As the play progressed the heat grew more intense, and seemed to settle in a dank, encircling pall thruout the house.

As the time approached for the betrothal song, Miss Brown, who from her point of vantage could see behind one of the wings, suddenly became aware that all was not well with the leading lady. She saw her put her hand to her head, gasp, and then fall into the arms of the Lover Prince, while the little princesses, clad in their fluttering gauze, crowded around.

A moment later Miss Etta Lucy Brown ran hurriedly down the narrow stairs and around to the stage door. It was open. The keeper had gone inside to witness the closing scene of "The Lover Prince."

The girl in white and yellow hesitated

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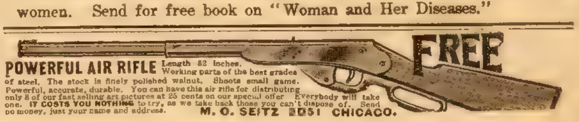

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an instant, and then quickly disappeared thru the doorway.

Back of the stage all was confusion. The heat had done its work, and they carried the leading lady limp and colorless to her dressing-room.

"Miss Hampton," called the manager to the understudy, "you will have to go on in her place. Make your change quickly."

The girl was pale and trembling.

"I can't!" she cried hysterically. "Not with the Governor there! I'm scared to death."

The manager grew livid.

"You've got to!" he said harshly. "No nonsense about it! Hurry up and change!"

The girl began to cry violently.

"I can't!" she sobbed. "I can't go on and sing that song! I'm all in myself. You can fire me if you want to. I don't care!" And she rushed past him out into the street.

There was silence a moment. Only the strains of the orchestra were heard, and the buzz of the expectant audience.

The face of the manager went white. He hesitated a moment, and then threw up his hands despairingly.

"Ring down the curtain," he said hoarsely. "It's the only thing to do. Good Lord! And the Governor here, too!"

There was a stir beside him. A girl in white and yellow rushed forward breathlessly and grasped his arm.

"Please," she cried eagerly, "please let me sing that song. I have heard it every night for two weeks. I've sung it every day. I know it by heart. Please let me sing it."

The manager looked at her in amazement. For an instant he hesitated, then he spoke quickly.

"George, tell the orchestra to play that introduction over again; tell them why.

"You chorus ladies, don't stand around like that. They can see you from the front."

Then, turning to the girl at his side: "I don't know who you are or where you came from, but I'm going to take a chance and let you sing. If you make a fizzle of it, it will be better than stopping the show.

"Al, tell Fred to throw on the green light, and have the orchestra play their loudest when she sings.

"Lord, but I hope she makes good!"

And Mr. P. Obrey Desmond, petrified by the sudden apparition, gasped under his breath:

"Little moon-face, as sure as I'm alive!"

Softly the strains of the orchestra died away. The curtains at the back parted, and a girl in white and yellow stepped upon the stage.

The audience buzzed questioningly. The Governor leaned forward in his box.

The Lover Prince appeared and sang his song of love to the golden beauty at his side, who, with an air of a haughty queen, showed her disdain for him. Then, suddenly, on bended knee, he offered her a rose.

The orchestra burst into a wild melody, and the girl began to sing the betrothal song. High up in the gallery the calcium fizzed and sputtered, and a flood of green enveloped the stage.

The violins shrieked and screamed, the drum boomed and the cymbals crashed out the accompaniment as if the selection were the "Anvil Chorus." The lips of the girl were moving, but her voice was drowned by the blare of the instruments.

As the song ended, Miss Etta Lucy Brown threw herself into the arms of the Lover Prince so violently that that gentleman lost his balance completely, and fell sprawling to the floor, wildly clutching at his head as he went down, while the late object of his adoration stood aghast at the havoc she had wrought.

The audience, wilted and jaded by the heat, suddenly came to life, and howled its delight at the unexpected ending, as the curtain came down with a rush, while the red-haired, freckle-faced Mr. Barnes, in a balcony seat, nearly passed from this mortal sphere, so great was his amazement and chagrin.

As Mr. P. Obrey Desmond struggled slowly to his feet and looked reproachfully at the girl in white and yellow at his side, she gave a little cry of horror, and rushed blindly past him out into the night.

Flushed and panting, she joined the throng now surging out of the theater, looking closely into their faces until, at last, she came to the side of a red-haired, freckle-faced young man.

Grasping him by the arm, she looked at him lovingly.

"Dave," she said eagerly, "Dave, weren't you proud of your Etta tonight?"

The astonished Mr. Barnes gasped and looked doubtfully into the upturned face for several moments before he found his voice.

"Of course I was, Et'," he said at last, chokingly. "You were the best ever, but how did it all happen?

"And say, Et', I didn't like the way you threw yourself into his arms. It was too real like, just as if you really loved him."

The arm within his took a closer hold.

"That was only play-acting, Dave," she whispered, "just play-acting.

"And, Dave," after a moment's pause, "I don't think Mr. Desmond is a bit nice now that I've seen him close to. He isn't nearly as nice as—as you, Dave. And Dave, what do you think, he—he wears a wig!"

* * *

Willie Was a Hero.

SPEAKING at a dinner Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma referred to the wonderful inventions of children to escape punishment, and told the story of little Willie and his new skates.

The skates were given Willie at Christmas, but on account of the unsafe condition of the ice, he was told not to attempt to try them. The pressure, however, was too great for the youngster and hiding the skates under his coat one morning he hustled for the pond. An hour later he returned dripping wet.

"Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed the mother on catching sight of her saturated child. "Didn't I tell you not to try out those skates until the ice was safe?"

"Oh, mamma," pleaded little Willie, "please don't whip me; I just saved three men and three women from drowning."

"You don't really mean it!" returned his mother with mingled astonishment and pride.

"Yes, mamma," answered the youngster. "They were just about to go on the ice when I broke thru."

* * *

The Reason.

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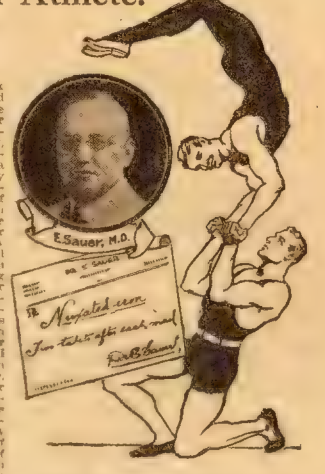

Take Nuxated Iron, Says Doctor, If You Want Plenty of "Stay There" Strength Like an Athlete!

Makes Delicate, Nervous, Rundown People Stronger in Ten Days' Time, in Many Cases

MOST people foolishly seem to think they are going to get renewed health and strength from some stimulating medicine, secret nostrum or narcotic drug, said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston Physician who has studied widely, both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, when, as a fact, real and true strength can only come from the food you eat. But people often fail to get the strength out of their food because they haven't enough iron in their blood to enable it to change food into living matter. From their weakened, nervous condition they know something is wrong, but they can't tell what. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, most astonishingly increase their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form and this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated, like nuxated iron, if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

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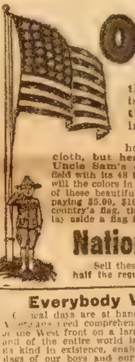

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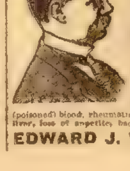

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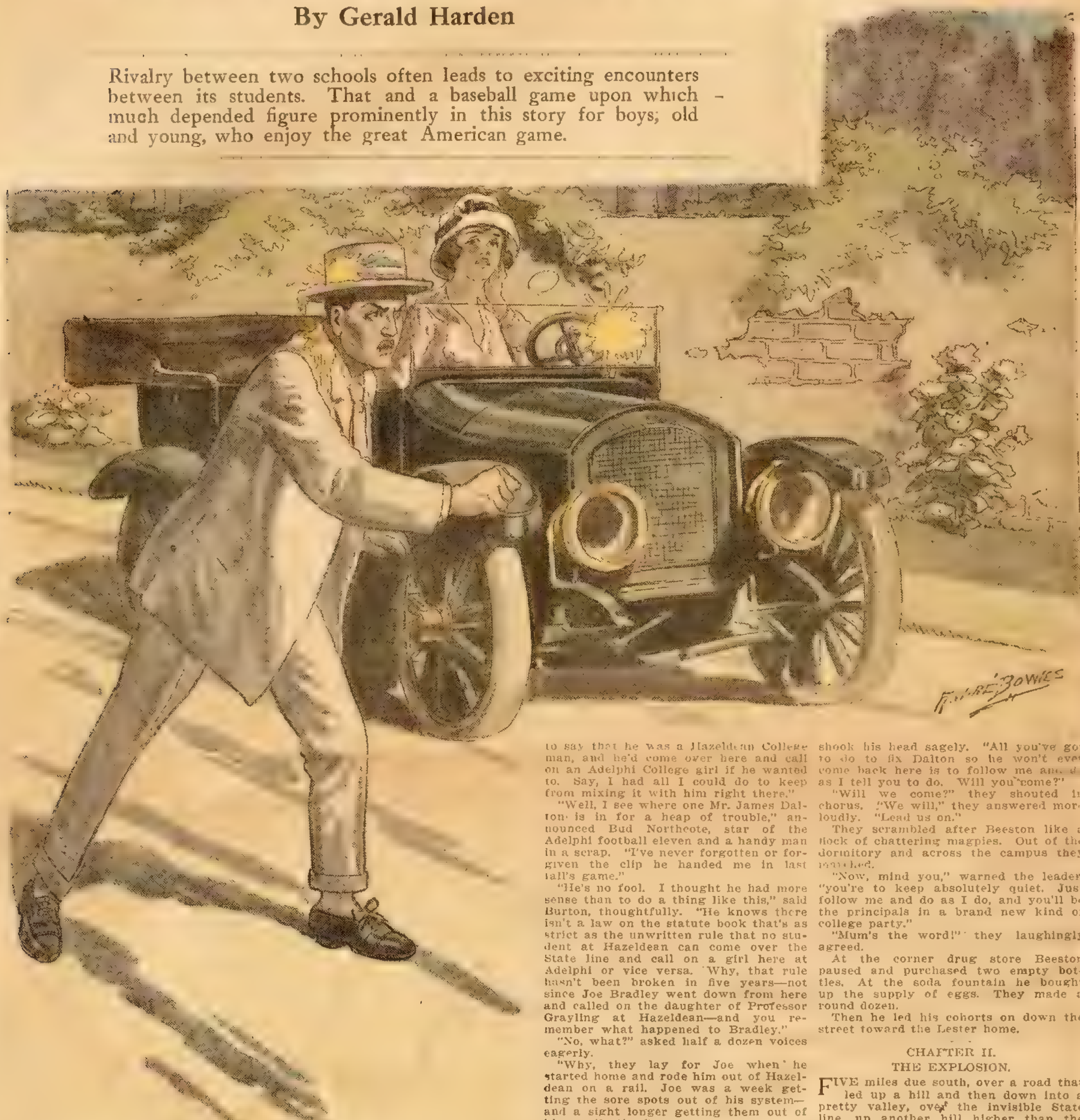
THE FEUD OF THE SCHOOLS

By Gerald Harden

Rivalry between two schools often leads to exciting encounters between its students. That and a baseball game upon which much depended figure prominently in this story for boys, old and young, who enjoy the great American game.



"Cowards!" He Called Out Harshly, "I Dare You to Come Out in the Open." For Reply He Suffered the Crunch of Another Egg.

[Copyright 1918 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE INVASION.

"THE nerve of him! What d'you tnink of the supreme nerve of him?" spouted Tacks Beeston, as he burst into his crowded dormitory room.

One young man, sitting crosslegged on the floor, suddenly stopped the idle strumming of his guitar. Two more, crowded into the narrow window that overlooked the grassy campus of Adelphi College, reluctantly suspended their argument over the merits of the pitchers on the baseball team. Another, swinging his feet from his perch on top of a dresser, ceased haranguing with one stretched out comfortably on the bed over the "idiocies" of old "Prof." Hendrickson, head of the Latin department.

"What's the heat about, Tacks?" grinned little Tommy Castle, the tousle headed youth with the guitar. "You look about ready to melt with rage."

"Reason enough," exploded Beeston. "What do you think? Jimmy Dalton is over nere from Hazeldean this lovely Sunday evening in a tin lizzie and a fresh haircut, and he's sitting out on Doc Lester's front porch making eyes at Doc's daughter Madalyn. Hasn't he got a nerve, I say?"

Every boy in the room stiffened instantly. It was as if some one had proclaimed a slur on their honor. They crowded about Tacks with a volley of questions and comments.

"It can't be!" insisted Tod Holbrook, the college tenor. "He wouldn't dare."

"Say, he's fresh," blurted Cosey Allison, captain of the baseball team. "I was thinking of going over and calling on Madalyn myself tonight."

"Are you positive?" inquired Harry Burton, Adelphi's best debater, who had aspirations toward the law. "You might have mistaken somebody else for him."

"Mistake Dalton?" retorted Beeston, scornfully. "Mistake that thatch of red hair? Mistake that waddle? Not much. I could pick him out of a million. Besides, I was passing Lester's when he drove up in his antediluvian buzz wagon and got out. He brazened it out, too. Looked me right in the eye as much as to say that he was a Hazeldean College man, and he'd come over here and call on an Adelphi College girl if he wanted to. Say, I had all I could do to keep from mixing it with him right there."

"Well, I see where one Mr. James Dalton is in for a heap of trouble," announced Bud Northcote, star of the Adelphi football eleven and a handy man in a scrap. "I've never forgotten or forgiven the clip he handed me in last fall's game."

"He's no fool. I thought he had more sense than to do a thing like this," said Burton, thoughtfully. "He knows there isn't a law on the statute book that's as strict as the unwritten rule that no student at Hazeldean can come over the State line and call on a girl here at Adelphi or vice versa. Why, that rule hasn't been broken in five years—not since Joe Bradley went down from here and called on the daughter of Professor Grayling at Hazeldean—and you remember what happened to Bradley."

"No, what?" asked half a dozen voices eagerly.

"Why, they lay for Joe when he started home and rode him out of Hazeldean on a rail. Joe was a week getting the sore spots out of his system—and a sight longer getting them out of his recollection."

"Joe was a scrapper, too," volunteered Allison.

"Sure he was," assented Beeston, "but that didn't make it right for him to break the rule, and the boys who were here at the time agreed that he deserved something of what he got, just the same as the boys down at Hazeldean will agree that Dalton is entitled to what he'll get up here for daring to call on Madalyn."

"What he'll get up here, eh?" queried Tommy Castle. "That sounds promising, Tacks. What's the red-top going to get?"

"Yes, spill the beans," urged Allison "We're all with you."

"Let's start a tar-and-feather party," suggested Northcote.

"Or duck him in the creek," put in another.

"Or beat him up so he'll be out of the baseball game next Saturday," urged a third.

"No, no!" cautioned Beeston. "We don't want to get too gay with him. We don't want to do anything that will get either the police or the faculty after us."

"But he's got to be punished," insisted Allison, "or we'll be overrun with Hazeldean fellows. We've got to make an example of him."

"Leave it to me," said Tacks, as he shook his head sagely. "All you've got to do to fix Dalton so he won't ever come back here is to follow me and do as I tell you to do. Will you come?"

"Will we come?" they shouted in chorus. "We will," they answered more loudly. "Lead us on."

They scrambled after Beeston like a flock of chattering magpies. Out of the dormitory and across the campus they marched.

"Now, mind you," warned the leader, "you're to keep absolutely quiet. Just follow me and do as I do, and you'll be the principals in a brand new kind of college party."

"Mum's the word!" they laughingly agreed.

At the corner drug store Beeston paused and purchased two empty bottles. At the soda fountain he bought up the supply of eggs. They made a round dozen.

Then he led his cohorts on down the street toward the Lester home.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXPLOSION.

FIVE miles due south, over a road that led up a hill and then down into a pretty valley, over the invisible State line, up another hill higher than the first, and then down its farther side, lay the town of Hazeldean. And on the outskirts of the town in a grove of oaks, that valedictorians always raved about, lay Hazeldean College.

For upwards of forty years now Adelphi and Hazeldean had been educational rivals. The leading schools of the two bordering States, they had vied with each other in scholastic achievements, in endowments, in athletics.

To Adelphi had been generally accorded the leadership in scholarship. To Hazeldean had gone the credit for bagging the bigger bequests of wealthy friends. But in athletics neither school could claim undisputed honors. In football, however, Hazeldean had for a half-dozen consecutive years won the touchdown leadership. But Adelphi was as surely entitled to first place in baseball.

So it came about that college spirit, inflamed by victory and embittered by defeat, had thrived until Adelphi could see absolutely no good in Hazeldean and Hazeldean had set Adelphi down as a "bum" school.

Jimmy Dalton's invasion of Adelphi, therefore, for the purpose of calling on dainty, golden-ringleted Madalvn Lester, rubbed harshly against the jealous hearts of the rival school students. This flagrant violation of the unwritten college law that for twenty years had barred Hazeldean undergraduates from worshiping at the shrine of Adelphi's fair maidens, and likewise withheld Adelphi students from paying either fervid or casual attentions to the beauties of Hazeldean, might have passed with little more than a warning had it not been for the proximity of the approaching struggle on the diamond.

The two institutions were to cross bats in the annual baseball contest on the forthcoming Saturday. Both sides were set for a victory—Hazeldean because it wanted to break its succession of defeats; Adelphi because it had won four straights and ached to make it five.

One other thing added to the resentment of the Adelphi boys. Jimmy Dalton appeared to be the only obstacle that stood between them and the fifth victory. Jimmy was a pitcher—a southpaw—one of those rare players who exercise wizardry over the ball thru the strength and dexterity of the left arm and hand. Jimmy was, in truth, an excellent pitcher. Five times during the present spring he had shut out opposing college teams without a run. None of them had been able to master his deceptive "drop," his wide, sharp curve, or his baffling change of pace.

Hence Adelphi feared him. Lately it had been reported that Jimmy's arm had broken down from overwork, and that he would probably not be in shape to annoy Adelphi batsmen, but no one except Jimmy and the college coach really knew—and neither of them would tell.

Anyway, Tacks Beeston and his followers, as they made their way in close order toward the Lester home, were animated by deep dislike of the invader They were unalterably agreed that he was deserving of any kind of punishment short of actual physical violence.

"Listen, now," instructed Beeston, as they came in sight thru the dusk of the Lester home, "you fellows thin out, pass along quietly and hide yourselves behind that long, high hedge that runs in front of Squire Haskins' place. Don't make any noise. Don't do anything until you see me do it and then go as far as you like."

Without a word he passed each of them several eggs. They accepted the fragile offerings with a grin. Then they marched silently on.

Tacks loitered. When he saw that the last of his companions had screened himself behind the hedge he had designated, he sauntered slowly forward.

Madalyn still sat rocking on the porch. Dalton still lolled on the steps Their laughing voices showed that both were in happy mood.

Beeston, reaching the auto which Jimmy had left drawn up at the curb, dropped suddenly to his knees. Screened from the sight of the occupants of the Lester home, he crawled forward until he reached the front of the car. Drawing forth the bottles he had bought at the drug store, he sacked them with his handkerchief and then cracked them carefully against the curbstone. Each of them was broken into many sharp-edged fragments.

With a grin Tacks proceeded to scatter the glass bits in front of the two front wheels of the automobile. Then he crawled away, rose to his feet and joined his fellows concealed behind the neighboring hedge.

"We may have to wait a while," he whispered, "but it's worth it. He'll be going for a ride shortly."

The wait, in truth, was brief. Thru the gloom the secreted students soon saw Madalyn throw a wrap about her head and follow Dalton down the walk to the car. He helped her carefully into the front seat and then moved forward to have a look at the hood of the machine.

"Curses!" muttered Tacks. "He'll discover our strategy."

But he didn't. Apparently everything was all right. Dalton slipped into the driver's seat and set his motor and car going.

"A lovely evening for a ride," he said to his fair companion, happily.

"Divine!" she answered enthusiastically.

Twenty feet further on the evening was no longer lovely or divine.

"Crack!" like a revolver report came the sound. Dalton jammed off the power and set himself to open the door and leap out.

"Tire gone," he said to Madalyn. "Tough luck."

"Crack!" he got as a reply. The automobile settled forward with a sickly wheeze.

"Jehoshaphat!" Jimmy exclaimed, as he tumbled out of the car, "there goes another one. What's hoodooed me now?"

"Isn't that mean?" the girl said, by way of sympathy.

"Crack!" sounded for a third time. The auto began to settle in the rear also.

"Wow!" snorted Dalton. "There goes the third one. And I've got only one extra shoe with me. Ain't I the prize boob?"

* * *

CHAPTER III.

THE RETREAT.

DALTON scanned the two punctured front tires. Then he ran his bare fingers over the deflated surfaces Suddenly he felt a sharp prick in his skin. He looked at the injured finger and saw a faint flow of blood ooze from the cut.

"Glass, or I'm a blind man, Miss Lester," he said soberly. "Maybe somebody's been doing us dirt."

The words were barely out of his lips before his conjecture was fully confirmed.

"Zip!" something cracked against the side of the hood where he stood. A thick, sticky substance flashed into one of his eyes. A yellow streak ran down the black enamel of the car. His finger applied to his eye brought away more of the same color. His face flushed red as he recognized what it was—the yolk of an egg.

"Somebody's evidently making a target of me." He strove to hold his voice steady. "Better stoop down so's you won't be struck."

"Splash!" came another egg—this time landing against the wind-shield. The golden stream trickled down the glass, leaving a wide blotch

Jimmy frowned deeply as he cast a hurried glance in every direction. There was not a sign of his hidden assailants.

"Ambushed, I guess," he said quietly to Miss Lester. He had difficulty in withholding much stronger language.

"It's a shame," she assured him. "Adelphi boys, of course."

"Oh, I'll get even!" he returned savagely.

As he spoke two more well-aimed eggs hurtled thru the air. One squashed into the ground near his feet. The other landed squarely against the back of his neck. Its contents spread itself over his clothes.

"Cowards!" he called out harshly. "I dare you to come out into the open!"

For reply he suffered the crunch of another egg fairly upon his cheek. This time a stream of yellow tinged with red trickled down his face and dropped to his coat. The sharp edge of the shell had cut thru his skin.

"I'm sorry, but I think you'd better get back into the house until this storm blows over," Jimmy said bitterly. "The car won't run, anyway, with three tires gone."

"Aren't they mean?" Madalyn exclaimed, as he took her hand to help her out of the machine. "I'd just like to get after them myself."

"Sore, I suppose, because I came over here to call on you," answered the young man, as he conducted her to the gate of her home.

He was at the moment not a very heroic figure. Both back and front he stood decorated in splashes and splotches of yellow. Even in the dark the girl took in some of the grotesqueness of his appearance.

"Won't you come in—and get cleaned up?" she urged. She could not entirely restrain the trace of a smile.

"Getting to look like a human omelet, eh?" he returned cheerily. "No, I won't go in, thank you. I'd spot everything up. But I'd like to come back some other time, if I may." His cheeks surged almost to the color of his hair.

"Of course you may," the girl replied heartily. "I think our boys have behaved just horridly."

"Oh, well, you know I've broken the old rule," Jimmy said, a bit bashfully.

"Oh, hang the old rule!" Madalyn snapped. "The idea that we can't be friends."

"Don't you worry," Jimmy assured her briskly "We will be. And I'll get even with them if I don't do another thing down at Hazeldean."

"Squash!" came another flying egg. This time the missile struck the ground almost at the feet of the pair.

"Oh," cried the girl, "I'm afraid they'll spoil my gown!"

"Yes, you'd better hurry to cover," said Dalton. "Good night," and he seized her hand and shook it vigorously.

"Good night," she answered. "You won't come in till this storm blows over?"

"No, sir-ee!" Jimmy declared flatly. "I'm going to see this thing thru. They can't bluff me."

"Well, good night," Madalyn said, a bit wistfully.

"Good night," he repeated, and he watched her as she retired up the walk and reached the protection of the porch.

There was a threatening glint in his eyes as he turned to go back to the incapacitated automobile. He glanced sharply up and down the street, but he could make out no indication of the presence of his assailants. He thought he would make a dash for the hedge over

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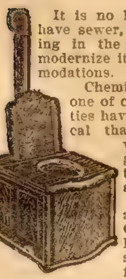
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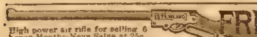

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yonder. It looked to be a likely hiding-place. But before he could start another egg splashed against one of his shoes and still another hurtled past his ear to land against the side of the car. He flamed at the renewal of the fusillade.

"Come on out and show yourselves!" he shouted angrily. "Don't hide back there like a crowd of cowards."

A snicker short but distinct was the only answer he received.

"I can lick any two of you, whoever you are," he called challengingly. "Yes, any three of you. Come on out now and get your medicine."

An egg fell upon the walk beyond him. Another he heard whiz over his head and land in the branches of a tree.

"Lost your aim, you runts!" he cried out. "You never did have any courage. I always did think Adelphi had a yellow streak. Now I know you've got a lot of it." He laughed at his own pleasantry.

He looked over the punctured tires again. All three were in bad shape. Yet he must try to get back to Hazeldean. He decided, however, that before he started any repairs, he'd better get out of the zone of fire.

As he pushed into the driver's seat, another egg smeared itself over the wind-shield.

"You cravens!" Jimmy yelled. "You'll pay for this, if I have to stay at Hazeldean for ten years."

He started the car and let it run along slowly. The bump as it rode along on the deflated tires was sickening. As he sought to put on a little more speed, there was a sharp report. He felt the machine sag behind him.

"The last tire gone!" he muttered, as he shut down the power and applied the brake. "They've certainly done a good job. I'll have a pretty penny to pay to the fellow I got this poor thing from."

He tumbled out of the machine once more and ran his fingers over the fourth tire.

"Flat as a pancake," he said to himself. "Well, there's no use trying to get it home this way. I'd cut the four of them to ribbons."

The last egg whizzed near by and spilled itself upon the road.

"Gosh! I wish it wasn't Sunday!" raged Dalton. "I could swear worse than any three South Sea pirates ever dared."

Leaving the car where it stood, he shook himself and wiped from his clothes the larger traces of his mottled adornment. Then he looked back up the street to where he suspected his hazers were concealed.

"Blame you guys!" he yelled back. "I'll get even with you if it takes my last breath!"

He turned his face toward home and started slowly forward. He saw red in his rage.

"And to think all this had to happen before her!" he goaded himself. "I've got a double job ahead: To get even and to show her."

His resolve was cemented when he heard some distance behind him the not unamiliar cry:

"Adelphi, Adelphi!
We're the boys that fly high.
We clean up when we try.
Ki-yi, ki-yi!"

"The bunch of boobs!" Dalton's teeth fairly ground over the words. "I'll get even if I have to pitch my arm off."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BOARD OF STRATEGY.

HAZELDEAN students did not know of the hazing of Jimmy Dalton until first classes on Monday morning. He showed up at physics' recitation with a patch of court-plaster upon one of his cheek bones and a stern look in both of his blue eyes.

"Hello, Red-top, what'd your face hit?" was the first salutation that greeted him.

"Adelphi hen-fruit," he snapped back.

"Pecked a hole, eh?" quizzed Johnny Lambertson, the leader in Dalton's set. "When 'd it happen?"

"Last night," Dalton replied shortly.

"And where?" buzzed Henry Galt, alias "Tricksy," the strong man of the college.

"In Adelphi," Jimmy answered. He could hardly suppress a grin at the circle of astonished faces about him.

"Whew!" came in chorus. "In Adelphi! How'd you dare?"

"I had a good reason," the victim returned stubbornly. He realized in an instant that it would take a strong explanation to set himself right in the eyes of his own fellows for this flagrant violation of the long-standing unwritten law.

"Was the hen-fruit ripe?" asked Joe Golding, the joker.

"Perfectly fresh, every one of the dozen," shot back Dalton. "I smelled every one of them."

"Come on, let us in on the news," urged Benny Sykes, the man who always caught Jimmy's diamond slants.

"It's a raw tale, mates," went on the hazed one, with his back to a wall. "I looked like an omelet on the way home."

The pleasantry brought a laugh from the group and broke the ice for Jimmy's narrative.

"You see, it was like this," he began, with an embarrassed droop of the eyes. "I visited a cousin down in Leamington during the Easter holidays. He introduced me to Madalyn Lester, daughter of Professor Lester up at Adelphi. She was visiting down there, too. Mighty fine girl. Saw her several times. She invited me to come up and call when I got back to school. She was so nice about it I just couldn't refuse—law or no law. So I hired one of Lute Bagby's old buzz wagons last night and went up to take her out for a ride."

"The gay Lothario!" sang out Joe Golding. "Who'd ever have thought it?"

"Quit your kidding!" warned Jimmy. "It was no joke, I can tell you. I left the car out in front. It was tired after the run. While we were buzzing a bit on the front porch, those guys sprinkled a lot of broken glass in front of my wheels. I don't need to tell you what followed. Say, the crack of doom won't sound any worse in my ears. Three tires went up about the same time."

A snicker ran thru the group of listeners.

"Yes, yes—go on!" interjected Galt, with a grin. "It's a regular thriller."

"Well, I'd no sooner got out of the machine to see what had happened than the air got yellow with eggs. They smashed against the hood and they squashed against the wind-shield and they smeared against the back of my neck and they gushed over my face. Say, fellows, you never saw such a flock of well-aimed eggs in your life. They must have had every man on the baseball team out there throwing them. I don't believe one missed."

"And what did you do?"

"What could I do?" replied Jimmy, wrathfully. "The blamed hounds were all in hiding. I couldn't spot a single one of them. But after I'd got the girl back in the house, I gave them the best line of hot words I had. If they'd had red blood in their veins, they'd sure been driven into the open. But they just hid and snickered. And when I tried to start for home the last tire blew up, and I had to desert the blamed machine. I hoofed it all the way home. The last thing I heard was their infernal 'Ki-yi' yell behind me."

"Quite an egg-citing night, eh?" punned Golding. The rest of the group laughed.

"And that isn't all," went on Dalton. "Bagby had to go up last night and tow his load of junk home. And this morning, early, he sends word over that on account of damage to tires there'll be an extra charge of seventeen dollars against me. And even that isn't all. I took my

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All I want is your name and address so that I may send you the full details of my extraordinary plan. Get these detail *now*—then you'll decide that my plan is *your* plan for quickly and easily obtaining that much-desired automobile. Everything free and postpaid. Send name and address on coupon or postal card. Address

THE AUTO MAN
71 People's Bldg.
DES MOINES, IOWA

ENTRY COUPON

THE AUTO MAN
71 PEOPLE'S BUILDING,
DES MOINES, IOWA.

Tell me about your new plan by which I may secure the 1918 Ford Touring Car free of money cost or risk.

NAME ______________
ADDRESS ______________
____

egg-dyed clothes to the cleaner's a while ago, and he tells me it'll be worth all of three dollars to make 'em look natural again. There's twenty-one bucks gone, and I haven't even estimated the damage to my feelings. Say, it'll keep me flat broke to the end of the term."

Jimmy scanned the faces of his comrades for sympathy and support. They all seemed a bit uncertain about the situation. Finally Claude Gillington, a leader because he talked little and then always with a distinct wisdom, spoke out.

"I don't know whether you were justified, Red-top, in breaking over the old rule. We'll have to have a squint at the girl before we decide that. But it's a cinch that the Adelphi boys were dead wrong in treating you as they did. If they'd gone after you in the open, if they'd given you a fair chance in an up-and-up hazing, I don't think we'd have any fault to find with them. You took a chance in going over there as you did. But when they took the mean, cowardly advantage they did, I don't think there's a man in Hazeldean who won't stand up for you. Is there, fellows?"

The crowd quickly accepted Gillington's view of the situation. With one accord they shouted:

"Good boy, Jimmy! We'll stick with you!"

"Thanks, fellows," Dalton returned, with a little tremble in his voice. "I'd hoped you'd be with me. To tell the truth, I'm burning up to get even. I'm mad enough to try it all alone. But I'd much rather have the school behind me."

"Lead us at 'em!" "Tell us when to strike!" "R-r-revenge!" came the cries out of the group.

"Have you got any scheme, Dalton?" asked Gillington.

"A lot of them, but I'm afraid some of them won't work," replied Jimmy. "You see, we can't go up there and beat them up, or burn their blamed school down because we'd run foul of the law. So I figure the best way to punish them is thru their pocketbooks. I want to strip them so's they'll never have another cent to buy eggs with."

"Money? What a welcome sound!" muttered Golding in serio-comic tones. "Quick! Lead us to the mint!"

"Well, it's like this," explained Jimmy. "They're banking on winning the baseball game Saturday. They figure I'm not in shape to pitch. They'll be willing to bet their last cent on their team. Well, take 'em up for every last nickel they'll offer. I'll guarantee Hazeldean 'll win, because I'm going to pitch my arm off to do it."

"Good as far as it goes, Jimmy," said Gillington, thoughtfully. "But let's use a little strategy. We're hoping you are able to pitch, but you know they do say"—here the speaker winked smilingly—"that your arm has gone back on you. Well, we're not contradicting that, you fellows understand. In fact, we're going to be busy spreading the sad, sad news, especially up Adelphi way. You all understand?"

"You bet," cried Joker Golding. "We're going to spread that yarn faster and farther than any sewing society could chase a morsel of choice gossip."

Tommy Castle goes on a secret mission and gets two surprises, one of which taxes his gameness. It wasn't funny to Tommy, but, taken for what it actually was, it should prove so to you. If you want to enjoy a closeup of schoolboy life, read the installment in the Ledger next week.

* * *

Soup Season.

"I WISH I could live in California," sighed the young woman as she gazed at the snow-covered bushes.

"I don't," replied the young man as he removed the young woman's rubbers. "I have no desire to live any place where you can garden all winter. I think a fellow can get as much gardening as is good for his system in the summer, all the digging and watering and pruning and planting and bug killing and tying up and pathmaking and training and caterpillar eradicating and mole chasing and tilling and mulching and covering to protect from frost and fencing around to keep from being trod upon. I know I got enough to last me until next summer.

"If I lived in a place where things grew freely all the year round it would make me good and disgusted.

"I suppose Californians are expected to go ahead and keep right on with their winter vegetables, beginning where they left off with the summer vegetables, so as to keep down the soup vegetable scarcity. If I lived in California I'd move out and come away every winter.

"Gee! My back is still sore from the work I did last July and it will take six months to get my busted finger nails presentable again. Me for the place where the snow comes to strangle off vegetables and weeds. And I'm as glad to say good-by to one as the other. The frost on the pumpkin looks good to me! And the snow on the soup vegetables looks still better! Let them sleep until spring and let me slumber along with 'em! And let the ground stay too hard to dig just as long as it can, and the longer the better!

"In California where they garden all year a fellow has to do it. There are lots of people who make it their business to see that you do it, lots of people who come along and get you to sign a pledge to garden all winter and who tell you what to raise, mostly things that require deep digging, constant watering, vigilant bugging, indefatigable pruning, nonpareil mulching, relentless weeding and enterprising entrenching, people who make it their business to yank you out of a reclining posture with a written reminder that now is the time to plant your this and set out your that and thin out your something else—all in the interest of soup vegetables that nobody cares for anyway, except for their great possibilities in the way of providing work for the poor boob who happens to have gardening space. California, it seems to me, is a place where the wicked never cease from troubling and the weary never get a chance to rest, because the soup vegetable season is never closed."

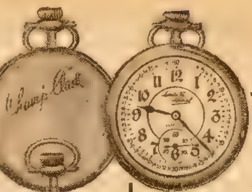
By this time the young man had removed the young woman's rubbers successfully and completely, and the beautiful young lady merely said good night and went into the house.

* * *

Afro-American Logic.

I ONCE knew an old negro—a thoroly honest old soul—who, like many others of his race, was deeply affected in his Latin parts and parts of speech.

He kept cows and furnished the hydrate in considerable quantity and strength. One day a customer of his caught him at the pump "clarifying" his milk, and remonstrated with him, when the tenebrous son of "Afric's land and golden joys," defended his practice on scientific grounds, contending stoutly that the process was purely a chemical one, and had to be gone thru with, not for the sake of the water, but, as he insisted, "Bress you man on account ob de milk. It ain't jes de sublime quince-essence ob de milk; but it are de berry pecooler combustication of de pump handle and de milk can, considered as de obstrus agents ob de transmolification ob de milk."



The ILLINOIS Famous Santa Fe Special 21 JEWEL RAILROAD WATCH $2.50 A MONTH

LOOK

21 Perfect Jewels
Adjusted to Positions
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to the Second
Thin Model
All Sizes

Write Today
Your name on a postal brings the Watch Book

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

WATCH PRICES SHATTERED

Right NOW—in the face of advancing prices—this offer is made for introductory purposes. PROFITS ARE SACRIFICED. Buy now before this offer is withdrawn.

You can NOW secure a "Santa Fe Special" watch on EASY TERMS and at a money saving price, arranged for introductory purposes, in fact, much below present day watch prices. The "Santa Fe Special" watch is GUARANTEED to pass railroad inspection.

NEW CASE DESIGNS

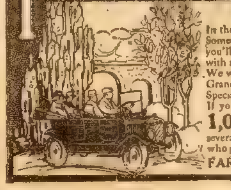
You should see the "Santa Fe Special" in order to fully realize the beauty of the newest designs in cases, see the 8-color inlay work and think how distinctive your watch would be with your own name or monogram or emblem inlaid in the gold case. See the French Art designs in engraved cases or any special emblem or monogram, executed to suit you.

Write for the New Watch Book Today

A letter or your name on a postal brings the watch book
READ all about this watch, the "Santa Fe Special."
READ our money saving offer.

SANTA FE WATCH CO., Dept. 233, Topeka, Kans.

Farm Life WILL GIVE $360.00 FORD AUTO



FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a $360.00, 1918 Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker will be rewarded. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you at once 1,000 Free Votes toward the $360 Ford Auto and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several $40 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Auto. Someone will get the Ford Auto—WHY NOT YOU?

FARM LIFE, Dept. 252 SPENCER, IND.

Plant a War Garden Free

We have made arrangements with a reliable seed house for a large quantity of guaranteed seeds put up in packets, which we will give to our subscribers. You can now get the seeds for the War Garden you have planned, FREE. The packets contain nothing but the best seeds, and the assortment is about all that is needed to plant a model War Garden. This is our answer to the President's request that every one raise his own vegetables in order to solve the food problem and win the war. The assortment consists of fourteen packets of seeds, some of which are very scarce this season, and for that reason the collection is of double value to you.

We will send you the above assortment of seeds FREE by prepaid parcel post upon the receipt of one subscription to the Chicago Ledger or The Saturday Blade for one year at $1.50, or a six months' subscription to both papers at $1.50. These seeds are guaranteed to prove satisfactory or we will replace them.

1 Pkt. BEET, Early Eclipse.
1 Pkt. CABBAGE, All Season.
1 Pkt. CARROT, Oxheart.
1 Pkt. CUCUMBER, Everbearing.
1 Pkt. LETTUCE, Black Seeded Simpson.
1 Pkt. MUSKMELON, Rocky Ford.
1 Pkt. WATERMELON, Kleckley's Sweet.
1 Pkt. ONION, Yellow Globe Danvers.
1 Pkt. PARSLEY, Champion Moss Curled.
1 Pkt. PARSNIP, Improved Hollow Crown.
1 Pkt. RADISH, Burgess Prize Mixture.
1 Pkt. SQUASH, Genuine Hubbard.
1 Pkt. TURNIP, Early Purple Top.
1 Pkt. TOMATO, Stone.

Choice Flower Seeds

Beautify your home by planting a pretty garden of choice flowers. If you will glance over the names of the seeds and recollect that they are furnished by a reliable company and fully guaranteed, you will realize the big offer we are making you.

1 Pkt. SWEET PEAS, Choice Mixture.
1 Pkt. CANDYTUFT, All Colors, Mixed.
1 Pkt. CALENDULA, Double Mixed.
1 Pkt. CALLIOPSIS, Finest Mixed.
1 Pkt. COSMOS, Fine Mixture.
1 Pkt. LARKSPUR, Mixed.
1 Pkt. MARIGOLD, Giant African.
1 Pkt. MIGNONETTE, Sweet.
1 Pkt. MORNING GLORY, Choice Mixture.
1 Pkt. NASTURTIUM, Tall Sorts, Choice.
1 Pkt. POPPY, Double and Single, all colors.
1 Pkt. SCABIOSA, Extra Select.
1 Pkt. SWEET ALYSSUM.
1 Pkt. ZINNIA, Giant Dahlia-Flowered.

Here Are Our Liberal Offers:

We will send you, absolutely free, either one of the above assortments of fourteen packets of **guaranteed seeds**, by parcel post, if you send us a subscription to The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger for one year (52 issues) at $1.50. If you prefer to do so you may order the Blade and Ledger together for six months (26 issues) at $1.50 and receive your choice of either of the seed assortments.

If you will send us $2.25 worth of subscriptions to the Blade and Ledger for one year, thereby saving 75 cents real money, we will send you BOTH of the assortments postpaid, so you can have a War Garden and a beautiful home garden too for nothing but a little time.

REMEMBER

These seeds are guaranteed.
You may choose one of the assortments for $1.50 worth of subscriptions to the Blade or Ledger, or you may have them both by sending us $2.25 worth of subscriptions to the papers.
This IS the BEST offer of the season.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

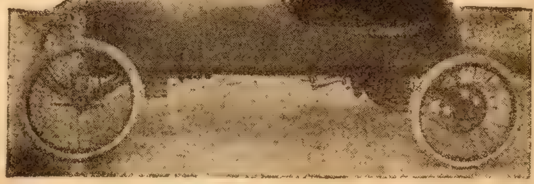
BOYS! BOYS! GIRLS, TOO!

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

$1,000.00 IN GRAND PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

FREE

Not a Toy but a Real Gasoline Automobile



$250 CULVER AUTO "FIRST GRAND PRIZE"

THIS fine little automobile is built especially for boys and girls. You can learn to run it in an hour's time. No complicated parts to get out of order and is perfectly safe for a child of 8 years. This little Culver Racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built in proportion to a big car. Have been giving these little automobiles away for several years. and they are giving the very best of satisfaction. The Culver Racer not only affords a world of pleasure for boys and girls but is also a real necessity. You can run errands, take things to market, go after the mail and just do anything with a Culver Racer—all you have to do is to crank it, jump in and go—further information and complete specifications will be sent you. Some little girl or boy is going to be the proud owner of this fine Culver Racer at the close of this club—why not YOU—solve the puzzle below and get in on the ground floor.

SPECIFICATIONS

BUILT LIKE THE BIG RACERS

Capacity—Carry two passengers.
Frame—Pressed ch. steel.
Steering Gear—Wood with metal spider.
Wheels—Wire inter., ball-bearing, 20x2 clinch rim.
Tires—Culver non-skid.
Clutch—Foot pedal, b.-b.
Axles—Crucible steel.
Gas Tank—2 g. ca., r. 60 m.
Wheel Base—66 in.
Springs—Cantilever, elliptic.
Speeds—3 for., 2 reverse.
Brake—Foot and hand.
Engine—Air cooled, 5 h. p.
Weight—250 pounds.
Speed—Up to 25 miles.

How Many Words Can You Make?

This puzzle is a sure prize winner—absolutely everyone in this club wins. It is not hard either—just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the list given, and only as many times as they appear in this ad. For instance, the letter Y appears three times, so in all your words you must not use Y more than three times. If you use Y twice in one word, and once in another, you cannot use Y in any other word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears in this advertisement. It is not necessary that you use all the letters. The puzzle looks easy and simple, but if you can make as many as 12 or 15 words, send in your list at once, as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many.

A N O E O Y R S
T F L M I M R A
O O A I N M T O
M O F I A E B L
Y A P B I N O H
G N O S A A O T
T A A C R B O Y
A R M N A N T W

OUR OFFER

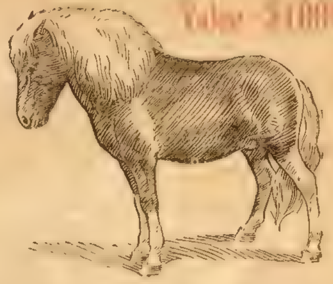
We are the largest magazine publishers in the West, and are conducting this big "Everybody Wins" word building contest in connection with a big introductory and advertising campaign, whereby we will give away 15 grand prizes as listed in this advertisement, and we want to send you sample copies and full particulars as to how to become a member of this contest club and be a sure winner. We give 100 votes in this contest for each word you make. To the person having the most votes at the close of the club on June 1, 1918, we will give the Culver Racer Automobile first prize, value $250.00; to the second highest we will give the Shetland Pony "Don" second prize value $100.00; to the third highest $50.00 in gold, and so on until we have awarded the 15 grand prizes as listed in this advertisement.

A TOTAL OF 15 GRAND PRIZES

1. $250 Culver Racer Automobile.
2. Shetland Pony "Don," value $100.
3. $50 in Gold.
4. $25 in Gold.
5. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
6. 17-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
7. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
8. 15-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
9. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
10. 7-Jewel Elgin Watch 20 year case.
11. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
12. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
13. 3¼x4¼ Folding Eastman Kodak.
14. Ladies' or Gents' Fine Wrist Watch.
15. $5.00 in Gold.

"Don" Second Grand Prize

Value—$100.00



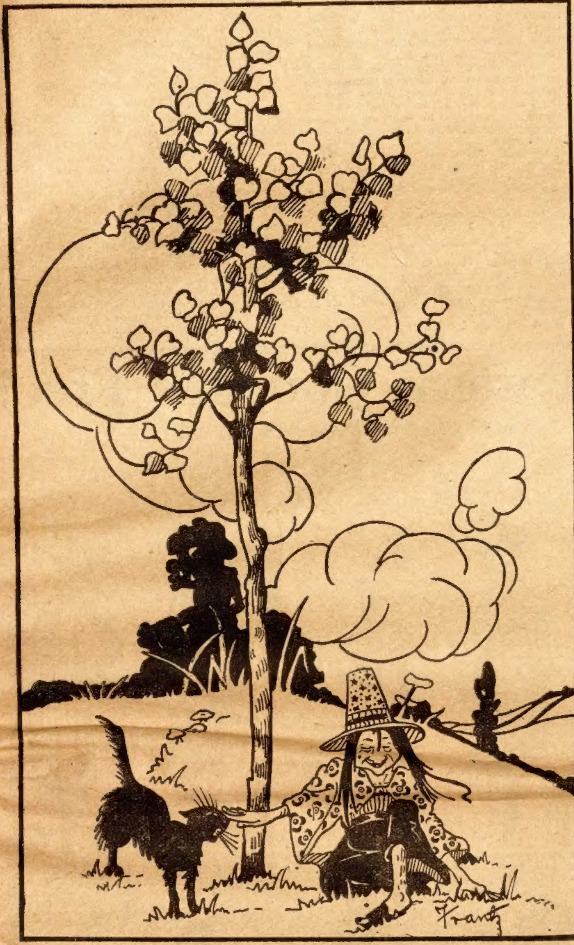
Here I am—I am wondering what nice little boy or girl will be my master at the close of this club. My name is "Don"; I am 4 years old and about 40 inches high; I am real black with four white feet and some white in my mane and tail. We do not show a very good picture of "Don," but he is a mighty pretty little pony and loves nice boys and girls. and wants a good home. We gave "Don's" little brother away last month to a nice little girl just 8 years old, and I just wish you could know how easily she won him. Don't fail to join my club—solve the puzzle below and write TODAY.

Notice: Every new member this month also receives a beautiful GENUINE GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS FREE AND POSTPAID, JUST FOR PROMPTNESS. Anyone may enter this club, and there was never a better offer made especially to boys and girls. Please bear in mind there is absolutely no chance to lose; POSITIVELY EVERY CLUB MEMBER WINS. If there should be a tie between two or more club members for any of the prizes, each tying club member will receive the prize tied for. Get an early start—send in your list of words TODAY. Address

BILLY FRENCH, Mgr.
216 CAPPER BLDG., TOPEKA, KAN.

The Enchanted Cat

The First Half of a Fairy Story for Little Ones



The Wicked Witch Grinnernot Had But One Love—a Sleek Black Cat Whom She Fondly Called Katkins.

LONG ages ago, in a dark, gloomy cavern at the base of a huge mountain in a jungle in Africa, lived the wicked witch, Grinnernot. She had lived there ever since the world began, weaving evil spells over all the land. Her one love was a sleek, black cat, whom she fondly called Katkins.

Now Katkins was no other than a beautiful princess, whose fair face had enraged the queen, her stepmother, so, that she had given Grinnernot a vast sum of money to bewitch the small princess and turn her into a creature repulsive to all human eyes.

So Grinnernot had taken the princess and one night as the moon was behind a dark cloud she filled her cauldron full of the juices of strange plants, dropped in it the dried body of a scaly lizard and boiled this mixture for an hour. She then cooled it until it was lukewarm and picking up the dainty princess shoved her into the slimy mixture. There was a hissing and bubbling in the cauldron and Grinnernot cackled aloud in fiendish glee at the success of her wicked work. Then a slick black head with narrow long green slits for eyes poked out of the huge kettle. The witch fastened on it her piercing red eyes and said, "Come out my little sweet, my pretty one." And out crawled a thin black cat that had such a baleful glare in its eye that even the calloused old owl in the corner shrank back. Grinnernot said, "I've found a true mate at last for all my wanderings," and with many incantations threw a spell over the black cat so it was compelled to follow the witch wherever she went.

Now the father of the little princess was sore distraught over the disappearance of his daughter, so he called in all his wise men and magicians and ordered them to locate his lost child. A huge reward was offered to the person that found her.

The wicked stepmother was eaten up with fear lest some of the wise men should divine the cruel plot that had taken away the girl. So she feigned frantic grief over the loss of the princess and would taste no food for the space of eight days. The king had always thought his second wife did not have much love in her heart for his flower child, but her grief was so well simulated that he was convinced her love for the lost girl was sincere, so it never occurred to him to blame her with the trouble.

Grinnernot cast spells around all the wise men so they were confused and could see nothing of little lost Golden Heart.

King True Heart was bitter against life indeed. So great was his agony over the lost girl that the heart of the wicked Queen Gwendolyn smote her at her evil work. Still she could not endure the thought of Golden Heart being so soon the most beautiful lady in the land. Queen Gwendolyn had always been considered the most beautiful woman in the kingdom until the little princess began to grow up. As they went out together now instead of the queen hearing remarks of her beauty, the little princess received ardent looks of admiration on every side, while the queen was unnoticed.

Such a state of affairs would be a sore trial to any woman possessed of wonderful beauty. Queen Gwendolyn, despite her beautiful exterior, had a heart wicked and capable of any deed to gain her ends.

As she went forth now the old looks of admiration were accorded her and every one remarked what a pensive quality her grief added to her beauty, so she feigned sorrow most of the time.

There was one, however, in the kingdom who held the wicked queen in deep distrust. This one was the playmate of Golden Heart's babyhood, Truemerit, son of the princess' nurse. The boy was just two days older than the little princess and had always loved her dearly. As children they had played together most of the time, but as they grew older they were separated, much to their grief.

The good old nurse explained to the children the difference in their rank and that a common nurse's child and a princess could never mean anything to each other. After the worthy old woman left the room the two children clasped hands and vowed to ever remain first in the heart of each other. At that moment the stepmother passed by and gave the little princess such a revengeful look it filled the boy with fear. So after the space of many years he remembered the look of the wicked woman and interpreted it aright. She was jealous of his beloved Golden Heart. The more he thought of it the more convinced he became that Queen Gwendolyn was at the bottom of the whole trouble. So the peasant boy, Truemerit, went to the foot of the throne and kissing the hem of the king's robe, said: "Oh, most gracious and worthy king; I, too, am broken hearted over the loss of the princess, Golden Heart. She was the playmate of my childhood. I have made up my mind to spend my life searching for her and will not desist in my labor until she is once more in your royal arms. If I bring her safely back to you I have just one request to make, that is, that I may be allowed to speak with the princess every morning for an hour in the rose bower if she so desires."

The king was much touched by the speech of the young peasant boy and was ready to accede with his request, when the queen punched him on the arm. "I would allow no such common fellow to search after our lost darling," she whispered. "The one that goes after her must indeed be a prince." Now the king was anxious and glad to have any one search for the lost girl, yet he felt it would be impossible for this poor boy to find her, and not wishing to go against the advice of the queen, he said: "No, one except a man of royal birth shall go in search of my daughter. I would feign, Truemerit, grant your request, but I cannot. Go and dream no more of speaking with a princess. It is against the laws of the land."

(To Be Continued.)

❦

A Dog Cemetery.

IN THE garden of the Duke's Head, at Leatherhead, Surrey, England, says Tit Bits, there is a dogs' cemetery where marble monuments have been erected to several canine pets. One bears the following inscription:

"In memory of dear old Bangle, who departed this life on May 30, 1902. His end was peace.

"Poor old Bangle! Gone at last,
His mistress felt it when he passed.
Altho he would not hurt a mouse,
He was always good to guard the house."

Another monument is erected to Peter, who died in 1896:

"Here also the body of Peter reposes,
Whose life on this earth was one bed of roses.
But the muzzling order came in force
And broke his heart. He died, of course."

Punch is thus commemorated:

"Here lies a dog whose name was Punch;
If you gave him some money he would buy his lunch."

Shot died on Feb. 12, 1891, and his tombstone bears this inscription:

"Near this spot lies poor old Shot,
Who during his lifetime earned a lot;
But failing at last to fulfill his post,
We thought it best he should give up the ghost."

❦

Not Unusual.

HE LAY there still and motionless, his eyes closed, his little limbs, once so alive with animation, now limp and pathetic.

"I've done my utmost," breathed the man. And he mopped his forehead and poked piteously at the silent, staring woman by his side.

"Perhaps if we shake him again," she suggested.

"I've shaken him and shaken him and shaken him, and tried cold water on his face and every other way I could think of," he replied hollowly.

The woman leaned over the still figure. "Willie!" she cried. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

The figure did not stir by so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

The man leaned over.

"Willie!" he called. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

Utter silence was the only response. They both leaned over. "Willie!" they called. "Willie! Willie! Willie!"

"Willie!" he cried. "Here's a penny for you."

The boy's eyes opened.

"Anybody call me? What time is it?" he muttered.

And the father and mother stood guard until he had both stockings and one shoe on and promised them not to lie down again.

You can not afford to have the "Sniffles"

Dr. King's NEW Discovery for Coughs & Colds

makes it unnecessary for you to be annoyed by that dragging cold in the head. When your eyes begin to water, when you become feverish and when you begin to sneeze, take Dr. King's New Discovery—the popular remedy for 50 years. Knock that congestion, break up that hacking cough—give Dr. King's New Discovery a chance to put you in good shape.
Buy it at your druggist's.

An Active Liver Means Health

If you want good health, a clear complexion and freedom from Dizziness, Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches and Indigestion, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They drive out fermenting and undigested foods and give quick relief. All druggists.

$1 A Week Buys the Black Beauty

Our plan puts this high-grade 1918 wheel in your hands at once. Easy payments; no need to "save up." We ship ON APPROVAL factory direct Freight prepaid. Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then $1 a week. Or return at our expense. Guaranteed 5 years. A "bike" you'll be proud of. Factory price. Write today for Plan and big Black Beauty Catalog (in colors). FREE.

18 big features—Firestone Blue Non-skid Tires; "finger" grips; 12-arm sprocket; special frame; dove-tail color design, etc.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO. (Est. 20 Yrs.) Dept. K-10, Philadelphia

"I CURED MYSELF OF TUBERCULOSIS"

Every sufferer from Weak Lungs—everyone afflicted with chronic cough—should read this remarkable history of a druggist, afflicted with Tuberculosis, who experimented on himself, seeking a road to health. With his simple treatment any cough-racked, tortured person may find quick relief in a home treatment. Soothing, pleasant; anyone may use it under plain directions. Just send name and address on post card to ADDILINE, f184 Capital Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today.
E. R. PAGE, 382B Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

INVENT SOMETHING. It May Bring Wealth. Send Postal for Free Book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through Our Credit System. Send sketch for Free Opinion of Patentability. TALBERT & TALBERT, 4684 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

WOMEN WHY WORRY

Ergoil Monthly Regulator safely relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid $1.00.
DERMITONE REMEDY CO., 648-650 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE PHOTO PORTRAIT—hand finished 12x15 in beautiful mission frame of your dear ones free for a few minutes' work among your friends—write today. UNIVERSAL PHOTOCRAFT COMPANY, Dept. D, 30 East 20th St., NEW YORK CITY

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New Feather Beds Only $6.50

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FREE Tricks, Puzzles, Jokes, Magic Goods, Plays, Wigs. Largest novelty house in America. Big illustrated 1918 catalog free. Oaks Magic Co., Dept. 514, Oshkosh, Wis.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Handkerchief Case.

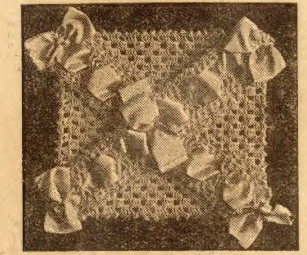
BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

WHEN one has many remembrances all coming at once, it means one of two things, either spend a lot of money or make some dainty gifts.

Such a gift is this dainty handkerchief case, made of No. 5 Cordonnet crochet cotton for the foundation and No. 50 colored mercerized cotton for the trimming and one and one-fourth yards of No. 7 satin ribbon.

For the foundation, a deep cream-colored thread is used, altho white could be substituted if preferred. Start with 81 ch sts.

First Row—1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 4 d c, repeat * for this row, 5 ch sts, turn.



Second Row—1 d c into 4th d c of previous row, 2 d c over ch, 1 d c into next d c, * 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 4 d c, repeat * for this row, 3 ch sts, turn; continue until you complete the 25th row, break thread. Of the color any dainty shade desired may be used; the model is of rose pink. Make * 4 s c, 5 ch sts, form 1 p, repeat * around 4 sides.

For the straps, make 12 ch sts.

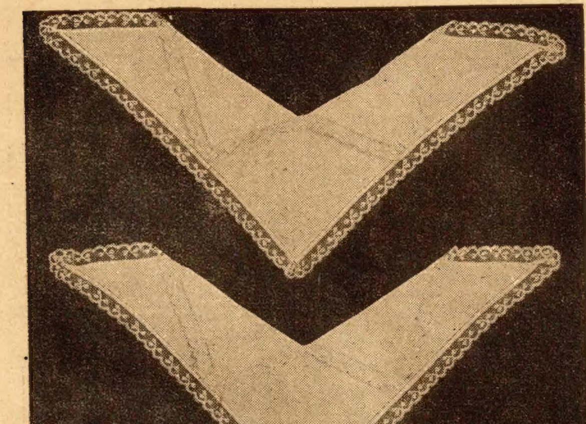
First Row—1 d c into the 4th st, 2 ch sts, 2 d c into the same st, 9 ch sts, skip 7 sts, 2 d c, 2 ch sts, 2 d c, all into the same st, forming 1 fan, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—Fan over ch in center of fan in previous row, 9 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—Fan over fan, 5 ch sts, 1 s c over ch of 2nd row, into center st of original ch, 5 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, turn.

Continue for length reaching diagonally across the foundation.

Finish edges with color as before. Repeat for second strap. Sew one end of each strap to the foundation and sew snap fasteners to the other two ends. Draw the ribbon thru the straps, puffing it between the bars as shown in the illustration. Of four inches of the ribbon form double loops at each corner, making a double bow of longer loops for the center of the top strap. This holds one dozen of neatly folded ladies' handkerchiefs. The holder alone makes an attractive gift, but if desired one or more handkerchiefs could be inclosed, as they are always acceptable gifts.



Two Dainty Bibs for Baby.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Two Dainty Bibs for Baby.

THESE dainty bibs make very practical and pleasing gifts for the new baby. They are not expensive, are simple and easily laundered.

They are made of one linen handkerchief having a narrow hemstitched hem. Cut this diagonally thru the center. Along the cut edge turn the points together, and at the center crease and cut downward until the small points reach an inch from the hem when turned. Press the points into place and hem the cut edges neatly by hand, turning the hem as the points turn.

The upper bib is daintily embroidered in a conventional design. This French embroidery is done with six-strand mercerized embroidery cotton, of which two threads are used in the needle at once. As the padding is slight, use the same threads as for the covering. There is very little work on each of these bibs, but what is there should be done neatly and with careful attention in the placing of each stitch.

For the second bib stamp the initial directly in the center between the hems, and around this a conventional design of leaves and flowers. The work is the same as for the upper bib.

Two and a half yards of narrow valenciennes lace are used to finish the two bibs.

A small pearl button and embroidered loop make the most satisfactory way of fastening these dainty bibs.

A medium-sized dress shield makes a splendid shield for these sheer bibs. Cut the shield in half and bind the top with narrow white tape; tack to the back of bib. This is easily removed for laundering, and the straight piece can be made as fresh and sweet as new for each wearing.

❧

Fashion Notes.

IT IS a season of most wondrous richness and simplicity.

Soldier and civilian—man, woman and child—all wear the wrist watch.

Muff and stole of velvet trimmed with fur are fashionable this winter.

Brocades are seen in two tones of a given color, such a staupe or gray.

Sammycloth, satins, broadcloths and pique each and all are favored vest materials.

A severe season, no doubt of it. The only notable trimming is the wool embroidery that threatens to be universal. They predict it even on chiffon, and could wool go further than that? It will be seen in every possible shade. But not every shade is possible, as you probably know.

Split sleeves, half sleeves, high necks of net, flutings, floating panels, garter bands for the throat—all these will be seen during the season. And, above all, there will be lace, showers of it, insertions, panels to piece out parts of gorgeous velvet gowns, collars, cuffs. In short, it will be ubiquitous. Milan and Irish are to be equally popular.

❧

A Different Touch.

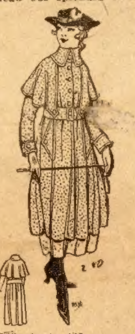
EVERYBODY is knitting sweaters, so that it takes some little ingenuity to accomplish a sweater which looks different from every one else's in the knitting class. One excellent way to accomplish this end is to use cross-stitch in wool on the collar corners. As most of the sweaters made have a contrasting collar and cuffs, either of plain wool or of angora, it is an easy matter to bring out the conventional cross-stitch design with the colored wool of the sweater. A not too conspicuous pattern should be chosen, because it is not intended to be showy, only a finishing touch. Conventional designs are best. The stitches of the wool are used as a guide in the cross-stitching.

Pattern Coupons Free!

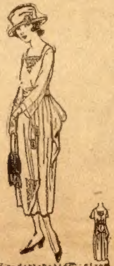
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from **Read our splendid offer below.**

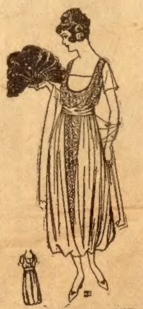


9536 Coat with or without Cape, sizes 16 and 18 years.



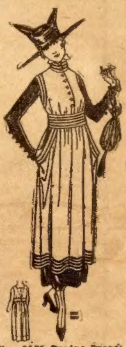
No. 9401 Bodice, sizes 16 and 18 years.

No. 9637 Three-Piece Skirt, sizes 16 and 18 years.



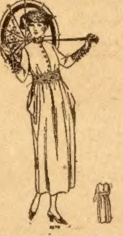
No. 9571 Fancy Bodice 34 to 40 bust.

No. 9574 Skirt in Zouave or Tunic Style 24 to 30 waist.

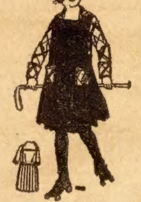


No. 9576 Empire Dress 34 to 40 bust.

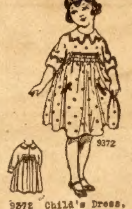
No. 9559 Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 36 waist.



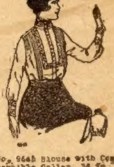
No. 9575 Empire Dress, 34 to 40 bust.



No. 9566 Child's Dress 6 to 12 years.



9372 Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.



No. 9648 Blouse with Convertible Collar. 34 to 42 bust.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

To every one who will send us $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us one of the coupons and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

SELECT PATTERNS AS YOU NEED THEM.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in $1.50 and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupons.

............................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US............................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500-514 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to five Pattern Coupons.

NAME. ....

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Street No.
or R. F. D. ....

Box...............Town..

This is a....................Subscription. State..
(New or Renewal)

It Was That.

"Did you see where some men were arrested in Texas for hiding whisky in tombstones?"

"They deserve to be for such a grave offense."

Why.

"I would rather argue with a bald-headed man."

"Why so?"

"Because he is not in a condition to split hairs."

Time to Swear Off.

Imaginative Young Lady—"Suppose a fairy should appear and offer you three wishes. What would you do?"

Practical Young Man—"I'd sign the pledge."

A Plea.

"And why should I give you a kiss?"

"Scientists say a man needs sweets."

"What of it?"

"I'm going without sugar. Now's your time to encourage patriotism, girlie."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN AND SERVICE MEN—NEW Carburetor for Ford cars. Simple, not a moving part, installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in zero weather without heating or priming. 15 day free trial. Write, U. & J. Carburetor Co., 5031 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD IF N. R. G. Laundry Tablets will not wash clothes without rubbing. Contains no paraffin wax or injurious chemicals. Cannot possibly injure clothes or hands. The wonder of the age. Sells like hot cakes, 15c package enough for 5 family washings. We supply free samples. Every housewife you give one to becomes your steady customer. We guarantee the sale. Secure territory at once. Write for free sample and full particulars. Farquhar Moon Manufacturing Co., Dept. A-1, Van Buren & La Salle Sts., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL GUARANTEED fast selling household necessity. Easily make $25 to $40 per week. You are not asked to risk or send a penny of your money either for sample outfit or merchandise at anytime. You simply get the orders by showing sample. We send you commission check every Saturday. We deliver all orders direct to customers. First class money making proposition for energetic men and women. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 841 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

AGENTS: BIG HIT: OUR 5 PIECE ALUMInum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than enamel ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 years. Retail value $5.00. You sell to housewives for only $1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. N. N. 5, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

PATRIOTIC — OILEO PORTRAITS 15X19 without frame, lifelike expressions, three scenes periods 1776-1861-1918, censored by highest authority, proof furnished, ornament to every home, agents double money. Sample postpaid 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Art Studio, 1012-622 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

AGENTS—$60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMObile furnished agents placing samples wonderful new automobile necessity with [illegible] operating ex- [illegible] run like [illegible] to introduce our fast selling, popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 5354 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

$65.00 A WEEK AND YOUR SUIT FREE. You can earn this and even more if you take advantage of our startling offer. Write us at once, and we will send you a full line of samples and everything necessary to start at once, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1178, Chicago.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

233% PROFIT SELLING JUBILEE Spark Intensifiers to automobile owners, garages. Banishes spark plug troubles. Sells like wild-fire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. G-4, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS—$60 A WEEK TO TRAVEL BY automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal-oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free auto offer. Thomas Co., 811 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEASure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and new styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 905, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't B, Fairfield, Ia.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER— best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

VILLAGE AND COUNTRY HOMES WANT Perfection Indoor Toilets. Health authorities endorse. Guaranteed. Big success. Chemical Toilet Mfg. Co., 2606 S. Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

SELL GLOSSINE HAIR STRAIGHTENER to colored people. Great seller. Enormous repeater. American Supply House, 20 Pike, Covington, Ky.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $5 DAILY SELLING PECK'S PERfect Egg Saver. Sample 10c; premiums given. Peck Specialty Co., North Haven, Conn.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

MALE HELP WANTED

STOP THAT DAILY GRIND; TAKE NOSE off grindstone; be no man's slave; punch nobody's time clock; own business; I start you silvering mirrors, plating tableware; sure income; plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

EVERY READER OF T[illegible]E LEDGER OUGHT to read these [illegible] [illegible]ery week splendid chances to make [illegible] to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROugh instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BRAKEMEN, FIREMEN, $125-$150; RAILroads everywhere, positions guaranteed, age 18-40. Railway Association, Brooklyn,

[illegible] tions, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit, machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

SONG POEMS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 106, Chicago.

WAR SONG POEMS WANTED FOR FREE criticism. May bring you fortune. Send yours today. Neal O'Hara, 1094 Ellicott Square, Desk 19, Buffalo, New York.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, R4, Hannibal, Mo.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED WATCH OR GOLD PLATED bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. Eckert Seed Co., R-21, Cly, Pa.

PHOTOPLAYS IDEAS WANTED

$25-$300 PAID ANYONE FOR IDEAS, SUGgestions suitable for photoplays. Complete outline free. Producers League, 513, St. Louis.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DO YOU WANT $2,000 A YEAR INCOME without any work, worry or inconvenience? Then investigate our co-operative fig orchard enterprise. $5 starts you owning a fine Magnolia Fig Orchard and interest in co-operative preserving factory. Best figs grown. Estimated profits from 5 acre orchard $2,225.00 annually, or more. Demand for Magnolia Figs cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing and lack of facilities for preserving fruit for the market. Best investment on earth. Assures you an orchard home in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent income for life. Present offer limited. Our Free book tells all. Send for it today. Address, Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Association, 523 Dept. 33, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

INVESTORS' MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU. $10 invested with us has made others $300 in few months. "Hoffman's Investment Journal" tells how this was done. This magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months free. If you want to make money, write for this magazine today. Union Trust Company, 530 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE IN SOURlake Oil fields. $1 monthly, few months gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Full information, free maps, write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 De Menil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTER- [illegible] monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

$10 BUYS INTEREST IN OIL COMPANY that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested. Easy monthly payments. Complete information free. Wm. Davies & Company, 718 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

FARMS AND RANCHES IN THE OZARKS are cheaper than elsewhere—there's a reason. Write. W. C. Johnson, Alton, Oregon Co., Mo.

PATENTS

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

HOMESTEADS

MONTANA HOMESTEADS: MILLIONS OF acres available. Circulars free. Homestead Bureau, Box 845, Butte, Mont.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' subscription, free. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Editor, Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Sent ten cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have coins worth many dollars premium. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

PERSONAL

WILL SOME WEALTHY MAIDEN OR widow, about 40 years old, who would appreciate a good husband, write me a letter today. I am 37 years old; weigh 170; 5 feet 10 in height; dark brown hair; blue eyes, fair complexion and good disposition—and am looking for a home. Wish to marry at once and will make right lady happy. Am unencumbered. Address A. Peteroff, Omaha, Nebr.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.H.)

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORrespondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave So., Minneapolis, Minn.

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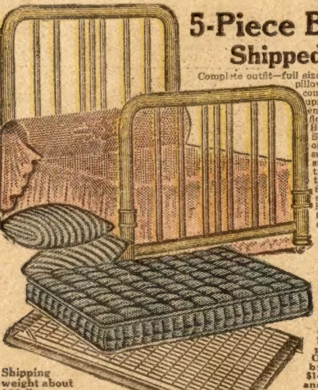
5-Piece Bed Outfit Shipped for $1

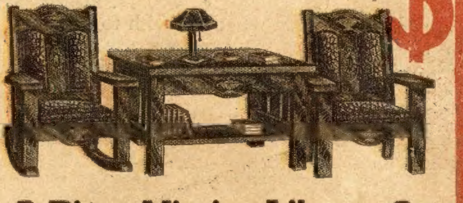


Complete outfit—full size bed, spring, mattress, two pillows. Bed has heavy 1 1-16 in. continuous posts. Seven ⅜-in. upright grouped fillers. Head end 54 in., foot end 34 in. from floor. Choice of White or Gold Bronze (Vernis Martin) finish. Spring has fabric top fitted on heavy angle iron frame, is supported at ends by resilient steel helical coil springs. Mattress good grade sanitary cotton top well filled with wood fibre. Covered with neat striped ticking. Weighs, burlaped, about 50 lbs. Pillows filled with specially blended selected hen feathers and measure full 18x25 in. Covered with durable striped ticking. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse. Order this remarkable bargain on our liberal credit terms. Remember, if you decide not to keep it, after 30 days' trial, return and we will refund your payment and pay freight charges both ways.

Order white finish by No. 153RMA19. Price for Complete Outfit only $14.79. Order Vernis Martin finish by No. 153RMA20. Price $14.83. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 monthly for either finish.

Shipping weight about 190 lbs.

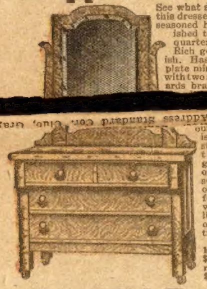
3-Piece Mission Library Set Shipped for $1



Send for this remarkable 3-piece set and see what a stunning value it is. Try to match it anywhere. You have 30 days' free trial to find out what a wonderful bargain it is. Solid oak, with quarter-sawed oak arms on chair and rocker. Fumed finish. Adam period design. Table top is 38x26 inches; 29 inches high. Has 7 inch shelf. Legs from 2 inch stock. Chair is 41 inches high. Rocker 37 inches high. Width 26 inches. Arms 4x21 inches. 19 inches between arms. Seats 19½x20 inches, filled with wood fibre and moss and with 6 heavy steel springs on steel channel bars. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipping weight about 130 pounds. One of the most superb bargains ever offered. Carefully crated and shipped direct from factory in Western New York State.

Order by No. 111RMA5. Price for the complete set $16.89. Send only $1.00 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1.75 each.

Handsome Dresser Shipped for $1



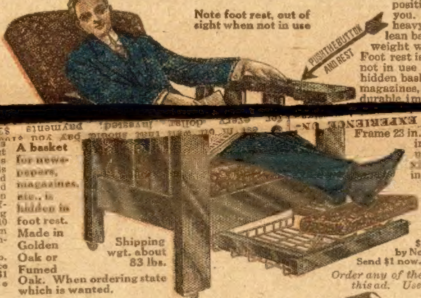
See what an extra value this dresser is. Made of seasoned hardwood finished to resemble quarter-sawed oak. Rich golden oak finish. Has French bevel plate mirror 20x16 in. with two artistic standards braced by back-

our low price this is one of the most striking bargains that even this great house could offer. Send and see for yourself on our guarantee offer. Shipping weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from our factory in Central Indiana.

Order by No. 189RMA9. Price $10.89. Send $1 now. Balance $1.25 monthly.

Royal Easy Chair Shipped for $1

Press the button on the arm and back automatically adjusts itself to the position that best suits you. No matter how heavy you are, you can lean back with your whole weight with perfect safety. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish


PUSH THE BUTTON AND REST

Note foot rest, out of sight when not in use

A basket for newspapers, magazines, etc., is hidden in foot rest. Made in Golden Oak or Fumed Oak. When ordering state which is wanted.

Shipping wgt. about 83 lbs.

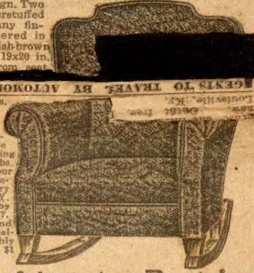
Frame 23 in. high; 30 in wide; 37½ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20½ x20½ in. Length reclining 44 in.; with foot rest extended 66 in. Golden or fumed oak finish. Shipped from our Chicago Warehouse.

Order Golden Oak by No. 84RMA7. Price $14.89. Order Fumed Oak by No. 84RMA8. Price $14.95. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 a month.

Order any of these articles right from this ad. Use the coupon below.

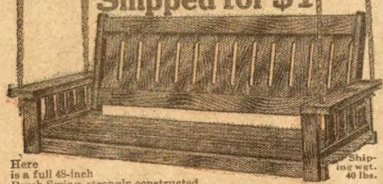
Overstuffed Rocker Shipped for $1

A superb design. Two panel back. Overstuffed arms. Mahogany finish. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Seat 19x20 in. Back 28 in. from seat



with steel bands. A big, roomy, easy chair that gives comfort to body and elegance to the room. Shipping weight 55 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Western N.Y. State. Order by No. 94 RMA 7. Price $8.95 Send only $1 now Balance in monthly payments of $1 each.

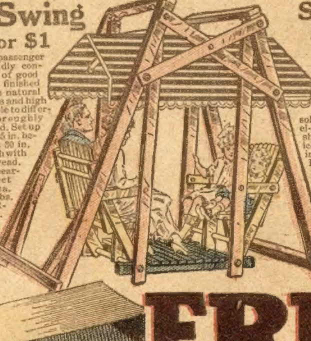
Splendid Porch Swing Shipped for $1



Shipping wgt. 40 lbs.

Here is a full 48-inch Porch Swing, strongly constructed of solid oak, equipped with non-rustable, galvanized chains and ceiling hooks. Has attractive panel ends and back. Full shaped comfortable seat. Comes in the popular fumed finish. Measurements are as follows: length 48 in.; height of back, 22 in.; arms are 23 in. long by 3 inches wide; seat is 17 in. deep. A splendid value. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Indiana. Order by No. 347RMA17. Price $3.49. Send $1 now. Balance 50c monthly.

Lawn Swing Shipped for $1

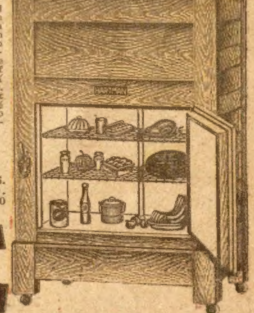


Well made four-passenger Lawn Swing. Solidly constructed throughout of good hardwood. Derrick finished in red enamel; seats natural varnish. Shaped seats and high backs easily adjustable to different positions. Thoroughly braced and re-inforced. Set up in 10 minutes. Seats 35 in. between arms. Backs 30 in. high. Stands 8 ft. high with 8 ft. 3 in. x 5 ft. spread. Frictionless notched bearings. Shipped direct from factory in Indiana. Shipping weight 115 lbs.

Order by No. 347RMA15. Price $4.98. Send $1 now. Balance 50c a month.

Canopy top to fit. Order by No. 347RMA16. Price $2.45. Send $1 now. Balance 50c per month.

Special Refrigerator Bargain Shipped for $1



White Enamel Lined Refrigerator. Made in popular lift-lid design—of genuine ash—rich golden oak finish—with solid brass trimming nickel-plated. Has 2 nickel wire shelves. Holds 50 lbs. of ice. Is 42 in. high, 23¾ in. wide, 15½ in. deep. Provision compartment measures 18¾x14½x11½ in. Has syphon drip cup. Special automatic handle fastener. Shipping weight about 50 lbs.

Order by No. 339RMA43. Price $14.65. Send $1 now. Balance $1.50 per month.

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3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1158, Chicago, Ill.

Send me the merchandise marked X it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms given in this advertisement. I enclose $1 on each article marked.

☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA19. White Finish.
☐ Bed Outfit No. 153RMA20. Vernis Martin Finish.
☐ 3-Piece Library Set. No. 111RMA5.
☐ Rocker. No. 94RMA7.
☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA7. Golden Oak Finish
☐ Easy Chair No. 84RMA8. Fumed Oak Finish.
☐ Dresser. No. 189RMA9.
☐ Porch Swing No. 347RMA17.
☐ Refrigerator No. 339RMA43.
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